

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1827

MAY 11, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

AN Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

AN Examination will be held on January 26, 27 and 28 to fill up not less than five residential Scholarships, three non-residential Scholarships and some exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Westminster School Bursary, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster.

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Saturday, May 18, at Three o'clock, ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Esq., M.A., First of Two Lectures on THE LIMITS OF THE DRAMATIC ART. Half a Guinea.

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[NOW READY.]

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JOHN LANE,
The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

THE dinner of the Authors' Society, held at the Criterion last Wednesday, was rather a tame affair, especially after the heated general meeting to which we referred in these columns some weeks ago. Both the speeches and the dinner were very much below the average of what such things should be. Even Mr. Comyns Carr, the recognised master of after-dinner oratory, was not in his usual form. At an authors' dinner, if nowhere else, you expect interesting or amusing speeches. On Wednesday only Mr. Sprigge and Mr. Bernard Shaw contrived to be interesting, and they alone struck the note of high seriousness demanded by Matthew Arnold in all matters connected with literature.

Mr. Bernard Shaw urged once more the claims for a national theatre, for greater unity regarding the arts of literature, drama and music, and emphasised the much larger rewards of the dramatist over those even of the novelist. He pointed out the significance of separating the toasts of literature and drama. But Mr. Shaw must know quite well that the establishment of a national theatre would mean the endless production of Shakespeare's plays and the endowment of mediocrity among contemporary playwrights. At our national theatre there would be no plays by Shaw, Hankin, Galsworthy, Granville, Barker, or Masfield.

A national theatre could never afford the scenery sufficiently gorgeous for a public palate corrupted by the late Sir Henry Irving, to whom is due the mania for transformation scenes. And when Shakespeare failed we should be given Mr. Stephen Phillips. The dramatic critics would take good care to nip in the bud anything like literature or drama on the boards of a State-subsidised stage.

The most infelicitous speech at the Authors' dinner was that of Sir Thomas Barclay. In the presence of Monsieur Pierre de Sales, of the Société des Gens de Lettres, it was singularly inappropriate to refer to the dearth of contemporary French literature, with a rather snobbish reservation about Anatole France. Sir Thomas should remember the work of his namesake—"The Ship of Fools"; the first fool in the ship is the ignorant Bookworm:

Lo likewise of Bookes I have store
But few I read and fewer understand.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle plunged in the same manner and, in proposing the "Guests," dwelt on the superiority of Shakespeare and Tennyson to any French writer living or dead.

But none of these speeches reached the nadir of Mr. Henry Morris, President of the Royal College of Surgeons. He too was one of the guests of the evening. He responded however for all the other toasts, at all the public banquets ever given at the Criterion; he responded for the Bible, the Army, the Navy, Literature, Art, History, Surgery, and the Criterion Restaurant. To hear him was a liberal education. His speech was a sort of enlargement of the *Times* Encyclopædia which indeed he seemed to have brought with him. If his work on Anatomy is anything like his after-dinner utterances we are not surprised that, as he confided to us, neither he nor the publisher ever made any money out of it. At one time he retired from the Society of Authors. Could he be persuaded to reconsider his re-election?

Mr. Sprigge, as former secretary of the Society, recalled to drooping members the history of its foundation and corrected certain popular errors as to the views of the late Sir Walter Besant and the action of the present committee. A graceful compliment to Mr. Anthony Hope, the chairman, concluded the only observations (with the exception of Mr. Shaw's) which had any relation to the existence of the Incorporated Authors.

The attitude of the Bishop of London towards the living sculpture turns at the music-halls is particularly vexatious. There is nothing in these performances of unwholesome or suggestive kind. The managers of the music-halls might well retort that a certain book recommended by the Bishop in a London pulpit was far more deleterious than any performance at any music-hall in London. It was a vulgar and blasphemous work, and to have praised it debarred the Bishop of London from expressing any opinion on literature or art, although these harmless exhibitions have only the remotest connection with such subjects.

The friends of Mr. Edward Gosse were all much astonished when he undertook to infuse sweetness and light into the *Daily Mail* by accepting the editorship of the new venture which was intended to cut out the Literary Supplement of the *Times*. And no one was surprised at learning that the *pot de fer* and the *pot de terre* did not float down stream in a very satisfactory manner. The clever writers smuggled into the *Daily Mail* were soon hurled forth with their only begetter. And what was for six months a brilliant little sheet in its way has now relapsed into a dismal hotch-potch of head lines, snippety bits, and small beer chronicles. We shall watch its development without interest.

Indignation against the censor of plays for his extraordinary action in forbidding the performance of the *Mikado*, to which we referred last week, seems to be universal. The whole question of the censorship of plays is one that should be taken up and seriously gone into. The obvious absurdity and futility of the whole thing would have ensured a revolt against it long ago, in any country but England. But here it seems that we will put up with almost anything rather than take the necessary trouble to amend it. How long we wonder for example will people in England go on enduring the ludicrous compulsory closing of restaurants at 12.30 A.M. on week-

days, midnight on Saturdays and 11 P.M. on Sundays, which makes us the laughing-stock of Europe?

An attempt has been made by Lord De Saumarez, in a letter to the *Times*, to bolster up the case for the Government against the *Mikado* by pointing out that the Emperor is the head of a Japanese religion as well of the State, and comparing him with the Pope. The attempt is as feeble as the judgment it purports to defend. In the first place, the opera contains no reference whatever to the Japanese religion or the Mikado as the head of it. He is the head of the State—nothing more. In the second place, the Japan of the opera is not even intended to be Japan itself. There are, of course, a few hints and names taken from that country; but no more. And it is astonishing that one fact should have escaped the notice even of so acute a critic as Mr. St. John Hankin, who has dealt with the subject in two letters to the *Times*, that it is not Japan at all which the opera satirises, but England.

It would be as just to say that England was not the topic of "Gulliver's Travels," that the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos are not certain parties of Englishmen, as that England is not the subject of Mr. Gilbert's opera. And the distinction is vital. Catholics might well be offended at an opera written in a Christian country making fun of the Pope: if a Japanese opera were discovered satirising Japan under the guise of the Japanese notion of the Papal States in, say, 1760, we imagine that Catholics would be as heartily amused as any one. The objective would not be the Pope or his Church, and there would be no harm done. Mr. Gilbert's objective was not Japan but England, and if any one has a right to object to its performance it would be the corrupt officials and blockhead upholders of conventionality whom we have still with us. Perhaps, after all, it is they who have made the fuss to protect their own sensibilities, not those of our foreign guest.

We do not for a moment believe that the Japanese are so devoid of humour as Lord De Saumarez and others suggest. And the comparison with the Pope is an attempt to drag in a body of the public who might possibly refuse to associate themselves with the cause. The most painful trial to which Catholics are subjected by the English stage is not good-humoured ridicule, but misrepresentation. Some years ago at His Majesty's Theatre there was a figure of the Pope, concocted, if we remember right, by Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Tree and Mr. Brandon Thomas between them, which by sheer ignorance and stupid theatricalism rendered itself objectionable in the highest degree. Things are little better at the Garrick Theatre at this moment, in Mr. Bouchier's perversion of *Le Duel*. If the British public goes away with the idea that Catholic duchesses are in the habit of running the world over whining about their souls and confessing with groans but without preparation to every priest they happen to meet; if they believe that there ever was a priest who behaved as Mr. Bouchier behaves—so much the worse for the British public. Religion is not hysteria, even among Catholics; and a Pope dancing a hornpipe would be a less offensive spectacle than the morbid emotionalism of this unpleasant play.

A certain agency for the instruction of persons who desire to be literary is sending round a circular in which the imminent publication of a new book, entitled "First Lessons in Story Writing," is announced. We are sorry to note that the author of this work is Mr. Barry Pain. According to Mr. Pain the "little book is intended to be of some practical use to beginners." He adds the gratuitous

information that he has been "a publisher's reader, an editor and a reviewer"—no doubt by way of qualification to compose "first lessons" in story writing. "The painter," exclaims Mr. Pain eloquently, "has his training. The musician, whether composer or executant, has had to learn and to work hard. Why should writing be the only art for which no study is required?" This is the merest flim-flam. The libraries are flooded with books which purport to instruct people in the whole round of literary performance, and we know nothing in the writing of Mr. Barry Pain which justifies us in supposing that he can produce anything better, or worse, than what has been produced in this department of enterprise. The plain fact is that practically all the agencies concerned with the tutelage of literary aspirants are not concerned to teach them how to write, but to teach them how to make money. The kind of story that is written to pattern and for the delectation of the persons who read weekly and monthly snippet journals is the kind of story which the literary tutors consider to be the only kind worth producing. As it is the country is full of "authors" who turn out "fiction" of this particular brand by the furlong, who esteem themselves literary people and in some way concerned with letters in consequence. Virtually they are a class to themselves, and a decidedly pernicious and undesirable class. It would be a good thing for England if they could be relegated to their native business of trimming hats and keeping other people's books. That Mr. Barry Pain should, for a consideration, become form-master to them is a pity.

How stories are passed from various minds would make an excellent subject for a paper. Given the germ of the idea it is usually applied to a great variety of people and circumstances. An illustration in point occurs in a letter which Mr. Rider Haggard wrote to the *Times* on Wednesday, May 8. In this he says:

I am reminded of a story of a certain Daniel Lambert of a Boer who, being caught napping by savages, rushed to his horse, exclaiming, "O Lord, help me mount!" So abundant and vigorous was the heavenly aid vouchsafed that he not only reached the saddle, but flew right over it to the veld beyond, and as the Zulus came up and speared him was heard to declare reproachfully, "O Lord thou hast helped me too much!"

The original of this story will be found by the curious in an interesting though somewhat neglected book edited by Mr. Allardyce, on Scotland and Scotsmen of the eighteenth century. It is there told of the water-poet Taylor. In those days the small Scotch lairds had no bedroom accommodation for their guests, but when the drinking in which they indulged was over, each was expected to get on his nag and trot to his own dwelling. After the parting at one of these meetings, Taylor, the water-poet, who was a Roman Catholic, was found sprawling in the mud and muttering: "Sweet, sweet Lady Mary, dear Lady Mary, when you are good you are too good." He had prayed to the Virgin for strength to mount his horse and she had given such an abundant reply that he fell on the other side.

We have received numerous letters from correspondents protesting against the extraordinary remarks contained in a letter written to the ACADEMY by Mr. Thomas Wright, in which he informed us that "Burton's 'Arabian Nights' is the most bare-faced and stupendous piece of plagiarism in literature." We have not printed these letters because we are convinced that the vast majority of our readers have heard a great deal more than enough of Mr. Thomas Wright and all his works. His opinion on the subject of Burton's "Arabian Nights," or indeed on any subject, may surely now be allowed to rest in the obscurity from which they ought never to have emerged.

AN ISLAND LEGEND

(AFTER KEATS)

LONG long ago, and all unknown to fame
 Sprung—like a golden jewel from the sea—
 A little isle, whose most melodious name
 Fell on the listening ear deliciously.
 Where poetry and music put to shame
 Each heart that mocked its own divinity.
 Where dwelt a noble youth, or rather say
 Where dreamed a noble youth his life away.

Far, far he lived from human joy, or pain,
 And like a spectre he would sit and stare
 Whilst many a silver city of his brain
 Rose domed and templed on the magic air.
 And to the sound of music there would rain
 A thousand visions, beautiful and rare.
 From starry heights, and sometimes he would see
 On violet slopes the Soul of Poesy.

And dear to him the beauty and delight
 Of that divinest hour when day is done.
 Before the noiseless pinions of the night
 Have folded earth and heaven into one.
 By the wide sea he watched the sinking light
 Till with the stars he felt himself alone;
 Yet being still a stranger to distress
 He deemed himself in love with loneliness.

And harsh to him the revels when the lute
 Echoed from marble pillar, or the beat
 Of dancers rose and fell, or sudden flute
 Silenced the nightingales, whose music sweet
 Soared into heaven—and when the world was mute
 Through ancient courtyard, or enflowered street
 He wingéd sped, till through some shadowed tree
 Dreamed the dim blue of his beloved sea.

And who shall say what strange, ethereal bliss
 Was his, when by the silvered caves he lay,
 Feeling in fantasy the fleeting kiss
 Of ocean-spirit in the leaping spray?
 What elfin-music heard within the hiss
 Of wind and wave in their melodious fray?
 Or when on woodland violets laid to sleep,
 What visionary tears were his to weep?

A Maiden loved this dreamer of the morn,
 This island-poet of the hills and sea,
 Yet loving him in vain, was ever torn
 By sad desire, or fruitless ecstasy.
 The rounded richness of her cheek was torn
 With sighing for a rapture ne'er to be:
 When from her casement like a flower she leant
 Lost in night's hush, and love's bewilderment.

Of noble birth she was—a creature white,
 Purer than dawn, more delicate than flowers,
 A being fashioned for supreme delight
 And for the peace of love's delicious hours.
 Jewelled with innocence, and youth, and light,
 She touched her harp, or brodered in her bowers,
 Deeming her heart nigh broken in its pain
 Of love divinely spent, yet spent in vain.

She watched his form on the horizon flee,
 Or from her tower she saw with strained eyes
 His golden sail upon a golden sea
 Like to some burning fantasy arise.

And wept—"More dear the mermaid's melody
 To that cold heart than my most piteous sighs."
 And when they met, it was to understand
 She had her tears, and he his fairyland.

Then, to her startled soul a scheme was born
 And ere the day had widened into blue,
 She stole into the silence of the morn
 Like Proserpina, 'mid the Grecian dew,
 And with the leaves from ancient forests torn
 She wove a garment of the richest hue.
 All shining green, the colour of that sea
 That trembled through the groves of Thessaly.

Lo that same night with beating heart she sped
 Through summer woods, where he, she loved so well
 Was wont to make his chaste and chilly bed
 Of eglantine, and perfumed lily-bell.
 Furtive and faint, she listened for his tread
 And when at last it echoed through the dell,
 This human dryad—like an emerald flame—
 Flitted before him, calling on his name.

Ah me! He heeded not for oft before
 His tuned ear had caught the flying feet
 Of dryad and of satyr, and they bore
 No wonder to his soul, and he could meet
 A thousand spirits on the rainbow shore
 Of magic, and unstartled could retreat.
 Tho' dearer far to him the furtive kiss
 Of elf, or pard than beating human bliss.

But she had summoned lovely hope,—Next night
 Clad all in silver by the silver sea
 She roamed, and circled by the moon's rich light
 As ocean-spirit sung melodiously.
 Nearer he stole, and with a rare delight
 He listened, then alas! all noiselessly
 Like a dear vision glided from her side,
 While her low singing into silence died.

Then, from that hour she pined. Ah nevermore
 Her eager footsteps echoed, but she kept
 Her eyes wide-fixed, as tho' she ever saw
 A visionary terror. Oft she wept
 Or paced all lonely on the sunset shore.
 Till death unlocked her spirit as she slept,
 O gentle as a sigh he stilled the strife
 Between unhappy love, and trembling life.

Yet ere she died she wrote with burning tear
 The history of her love—and that disguise
 In which she slew her pure and maiden fear
 And flitted to him under starry skies.
 But moving not the heart she held so dear,
 Within the summer dusk she closed her eyes;
 Glad to be folded in eternal sleep.
 Contented to be mute while others weep.

And, lo, the island fishers say that still
 Her haunting spirit in the woods they see;
 And they relate with superstitious thrill,
 And many a quaint and brodered fantasy,
 What sudden wisdom will his spirit fill
 Who hears her ghostly singing by the sea.
 Whilst minstrels flung the legend far and wide,
 Of her who, loving, grieved, and, grieving, died.

ELEANOUR NORTON.

LITERATURE

TARES WITH THE WHEAT

Memorials of Old Kent. Edited by Rev. R. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., and GEORGE CLINCH, F.G.S. (Bemrose, 15s.)

THE most thorough and informed paper in this somewhat unequal volume is that by Mr. Aymer Vallance on "Rood-lofts and Screens." It is also the longest, occupying one fifth of the whole book. We by no means regret this as it is all worth reading, although, in a county like Kent, which is very rich in materials for its past, it appears to us a peculiar form of editing to give the premier position to a feature, which certainly remains prominent in some other counties, such as Devonshire, but which never remarkably distinguished Kent, and which iconoclasm—ancient and modern—has mainly effaced. The narrow chancel arch of our Saxon and Early Norman churches widened with every development of ecclesiastical architecture, and screens of stone or wood occupied the enlarged aperture and gained in elaboration and importance until, in the fifteenth century, the arch was often entirely dispensed with; nave and aisles were carried unbroken from end to end and the east was divided from the west by screens stretching right across from north to south. Though rare in Kent this is a frequent characteristic of Devonshire, where much late Gothic church building took place, and the reason for it was that the arch or arches, with their masses of supporting masonry, were greatly in the way of the wide and lofty gallery which had become almost a *sine qua non* for the service of the great rood.

Though religion is conservative in principle, in detail it is as sensitive to fashion as ladies' millinery, and the clergyman to-day is as keen as the tailor to gain popularity by new services, new ceremonies, new religious views, and new ecclesiastical paraphernalia. And even in the slower-moving Middle Ages it was so. No fourteenth-century parson thought himself up to date until he had gotten himself an Easter Sepulchre on the north side of his chancel; and no fifteenth-century congregation could be expected to attend a church that had not been fully fitted with rood and loft. Rood and loft had sometimes been set up earlier (one of fourteenth-century workmanship stood in Northfleet church, and portions of its screen remain),

but countless references to it in ancient documents and particularly in wills containing directions for the testator's body to be buried in such or such a church before the Cross, or bequests to be devoted to its service and beautifying, bear witness that from at least the end of the fourteenth century down to the closing years of the reign of Henry VIII. in every church or chapel in the land the rood was as indispensable almost as the font or the altar (p. 52).

It was generally life-size and portrayed Christ with outstretched hands attached to the cross, and, habitually, the Virgin and St. John on either side. The object of the loft was for the service of the rood, lights constantly burned before it, it was shrouded in Lent, the gospel was in some cases read at its foot. A stairway in the wall of either aisle or sometimes of the chancel arch, led to an ample platform which rested on a wooden traceried screen from which braces projected at right angles to carry the overhanging floor. These braces were hidden sometimes by a coving but more often by a vaulting which imitated the fan tracery then in vogue, and joined on to the breast-summit which stretched right across the church, and whose face decorations of elaborate mouldings and fillings of pierced vine-leaf carving or similar motifs afford a rich finish to the whole composition. Alone of Kentish churches does Shoreham retain a typical screen of the period still surmounted by such vaulting. In other cases the screen alone remains and "restoration" has been the excuse for producing a wholly new arrangement. The vaulting has not been replaced,

but the spandrels of the arches have been fitted with tracery and a cornice and cresting have been superposed. The church at Stalisfield offers an example of this quite Victorian treatment. One other rood loft besides that at Shoreham survives in Kent, at Lullingstone. But it is of a different type, "patently foreign throughout its length and breadth," Sir John Peche having probably employed a Flemish artist to design and carve it early in the sixteenth century.

Of Kentish roods some three were wonder working, of which the chief was at Boxley, and incurred the special hate of the Reformers. It was torn down and taken to St. Paul's where, after serving as an object-lesson for Bishop Hisle's frenzied sermon, it was plucked to pieces by the excited congregation in 1538. Such as these only suffered destruction under Henry VIII., but under Edward VI. the greater protestantism of the government enabled Cranmer to have his way and "throw out all Popish trash," and replace the rood by the royal arms. A momentary lull under Mary was followed by renewed iconoclasm and the lofts, if not the screens, in many cases followed the rood, not merely during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but almost to our day. The old screen still stood across the chancel of Brasted Church until its restoration forty years ago, when, under the auspices of an exceptionally godly evangelical rector, it was torn out and destroyed. Some remnants have recently been found, and from them a reproduction has been made and set up, as the only, though inefficient, mode of undoing the act of clerical vandalism. Mr. Vallance gives other such cases, but this one had escaped him.

Just as this paper on the screens is the best in the book, so is that on Romney Marsh the worst—though in this there is some competition. There was plenty of space for Mr. Clinch to have given us a clear and succinct account of the interesting customs and ordinances of the Marsh (and not merely refer us to Mr. Holloway's "History"), and yet find room for his very bald notes on "The Days of Smuggling." Except that wool was "boldly carried down to the seashore to be shipped," that revenue officers sometimes were worsted and put to flight, that a true-love ballad of smugglers was written and that an Act of Parliament was passed under William III. to check the illicit export of this raw material of a principal industry, Mr. Clinch tells us very little of what happened on the Marsh, but gives us a good deal of discursive matter as to what happened elsewhere. His object seems to have been to see how little of his chosen subject he could put in and yet fill twelve pages. A short volume is not much to contain the "Memorials" of an important county and any waste of space gives a feeling of thinness to the whole book.

RELIGION MADE EASY

The Religion of Consciousness. By F. REGINALD STATHAM. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.)

The Simple Faith—containing God's Message to Man. Set down by DON GLOVER. (Sisleys, 2s. 6d.)

THE interest evoked by Dr. R. J. Campbell's much advertised religious opinions and the success of his book on "The New Theology" have given the signal for a vast number of writers to come forward and air their convictions. Most of these are quite unqualified for their task. They have neither skill, learning, nor any sort of inspiration. And as might be expected the greater the ignorance the louder the assumption of authority. "All religions," wrote Gibbon, "are to the vulgar equally true, to the philosophers equally false, and to the statesman equally useful." The religious speculation of to-day seems to tend in the direction of an attempt to harmonise old and new "truths." There appears to be a prevalent idea that it is possible by a rigorous process of exclusion

and eclecticism to separate the true from the false, and to recreate a religion which shall do no violence to man's powers of reason and which shall be in accordance with the latest discoveries of modern science. On this view it is only necessary to eliminate the miraculous elements from Christianity and to explain away the teaching of Christ to produce a "common-sense religion." Side by side with this tendency towards what may be called the new Socinianism an opposite movement may be traced in the direction of mysticism. Religious quacks have existed at all periods and in all ages, but seldom if ever in the world's history have they had so open a field and reaped so rich a harvest as is afforded to them to-day.

Mr. Reginald Statham writes from the point of view of "the superior person." He patronises in a lofty manner all religious organisations and churches. "As for the ecclesiastical formulas of whatever church" [he writes], "... they are as valueless as the Greek coin placed in the hand of the corpse to ensure its passage across the Styx." But although he would abolish all creeds and churches and dogmatic opinions he would retain the figure and personality of Christ as an "ideal of conduct made precious by association." According to him the "Christ of the Four Gospels and the Sunday School must remain as the most precious of our European possessions." By "the Christ of the Four Gospels and the Sunday School," he understands a sublime figure who reached a very high point in the development of human consciousness. As for the "theory" of his divinity well "the scientific spirit may reject, as indeed it has largely rejected, the metaphysical Christ, the Christ of the theologians." Whether Mr. Reginald Statham is himself a true exponent of the scientific spirit is open to grave question but it is certain that his book, which consists mainly of vague generalisations, is not calculated to inspire any one with respect for his authority. He has much to say about "the development of the higher consciousness" the manifestations of a "Supreme Consciousness" and the ideal of human conduct. But it has all been said before and said if we mistake not very much better. Moreover the assumption of superiority, when Mr. Statham airily, explains away in a few words the doctrine of the Virgin birth, the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity or other "accretions" of the Christian myth, is exceedingly irritating to the reader. The author's ethical code is of course admirable and if human nature were what it should be rather than what it is the author's words would doubtless prove sufficient incentive to right conduct.

We can see [he writes] how, as partaking in our consciousness, limited though it is, of the Supreme Consciousness, we become verily and in truth "Sons of God" in a sense perhaps wider even than that which was present to the mind of the Apostle. . . . Only there is this obvious proviso—that those who realise the greatness of their origin, and the greatness of their destiny, must live up to that realisation. To do this is to ascend in no small measure to the ideal of sinlessness which does not consist in the observance of prohibitions, but in the consecration of all the powers of life to a worthy end. To fail to do so is to incur the penalty of a self-reproach far more burning than all the imagined fires of a mediæval hell.

Imagine such a sentiment addressed to men when they are sick and sorry, abject and lonely, when they cry out for "comfortable words"!

On a much cruder plane and written in plain language to be understood of the people is the book of "The Simple Faith." There is no false modesty about the author. He announces uncompromisingly that the book contains "God's message to Man." It is "neither a compound nor an abstract of any human creed or ritual. It is the faith of all good men, be they Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, or Philosophers. It is the faith, the law of God: it is the simple truth." The merit of the little volume is that it does contain an elementary guide to conduct and does not consist merely of vague abstractions. The Simple Faith seems to be "Keep the Ten Commandments; be Temperate in all things; help

the poor and unfortunate; discourage religious dissension; be kind to animals, and advocate universal peace." There might seem to be nothing particularly new or "simple" about all these excellent precepts. But "The Simple Faith" does not stop at precept. An association has been formed with the title of "The Guild of God's Messengers," the members of which are definitely pledged to thirteen articles of "Christian Socialism," and we understand from the volume that the Guild is being widely supported. The doctrines of the Simple Faith seem to be, although the author makes no mention of the fact, identical with those advocated by the Bahai movement which had its origin in the East. In the laws of "universal religion," written by Baha Ullah over forty years ago while confined in an Eastern prison, are to be found most of the things that Western reformers are striving for to-day. He advocated universal peace, and called upon the nations to settle their differences by arbitration; he pleaded for universal tolerance of all religions: he enjoined his followers to find a universal language, believing that in it was to be found "the greatest source of concord and civilisation." Baha Ullah died in 1892, but the movement is spreading rapidly. Bahaiism is a force to be reckoned with in India and throughout the East, where it unites in a common bond Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, Zoroastrians, and Christians. We do not know whether the Bahai movement has spread to London, but Paris contains a considerable number of believers. "The Guild of God's Messengers" should certainly unite with the Bahais.

GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE OF ROME

Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. (Longmans, 15s.)

MR. MACAULAY TREVELYAN has written a book worthy of the two great names which he inherits. He would be a dull man indeed whose blood was not stirred by this splendid description of an heroic episode. The subject is as great and inspiring as any young writer could desire. There is no nobler story in human history than the defence of Rome in 1848 by Garibaldi against the combined hosts of Catholic Europe. But Mr. Trevelyan has not allowed the greatness of his subject to serve as an excuse for hasty workmanship. He has examined all the original documents, journeyed on foot over the very country of Garibaldi's "Anabasis," talked with survivors, photographed the villages—in short, spared no possible pains to make his book as thorough as it is fascinating. There is no need to introduce Mr. Trevelyan to the British public. He has already proved by his study of England in the age of Wycliffe that he is no mean historian. He is a son of whom his father may well feel proud, and this book will establish his reputation.

Those who have been apt to denounce some of the episodes in the passing Russian Revolution as mere foolish waste of human life may be recommended to study the history of the earlier episodes of that long movement which led to the final freedom of Italy. We have grown impatient. We forget how slow is the process of freeing a nation. We have lost the larger vision which led even the early Christians to perceive that the "blood of the martyrs" was the "seed of the Church." Even Garibaldi found it difficult to persuade many of his supporters in those early years that they were not risking life and liberty in vain. This was especially so in this episode of the Roman Republic, from the beginning doomed to material failure, but really perhaps the turning-point in the history of Italy. At first, indeed, the Roman populace greeted their Italian liberators with enthusiasm. Mazzini and Garibaldi were hailed as splendid substitutes for the fugitive and renegade Pio Nono. But the Romans were few and untrained to arms, and the flying Pope could call to his aid the still loyal Catholicism of Europe. France, now definitely anti-

Catholic, was then more than half Catholic. Austria was fighting both for country and religion; Spain was, as ever, the faithful henchman of the Vatican. The very establishment of the Republic in the heart of the Papal States was a defiance of the Catholic spirit of Europe, and directly Mazzini unfolded his banner with the inscription "God and the People" emblazoned upon it, the hosts of Europe began to gather against such a profane alliance. Austria from the north, Naples from the south, France from the west—all these Powers sent armies to surround with a ring of trained troops the devoted battalions of Garibaldi's irregular and badly armed volunteers. Against these embattled hosts Garibaldi could bring no more than a few thousand heroes, composed of his own red-shirts, of students, exiles, Lombardese, and Romans, amounting in all to something under ten thousand men. From the beginning the enterprise was hopeless, and yet those men fought from first to last with a valour that scorned all thought of wounds or death, and literally carried out the words of that mighty phrase: "When you are fighting for your country do not count the enemy."

Mr. Trevelyan gives a brilliant account of those daring adventures—the mighty combat round the Villa Corsini, the defence of the Vascello, and the last great fight along the Aurelian wall. It was the defence of a virtually unfortified city by untrained men against troops that were then the finest in Europe and directed by one of the greatest engineers. It was no child's play—that warfare. During these fights Garibaldi lost nearly all his officers and the greater part of his men, and when at last further resistance became useless and no resource remained except retreat, Garibaldi led out of Rome little more than three thousand men.

Then began a new and perhaps even more heroic story—Garibaldi's famous march to the sea. The only parallel to it in modern history is the story of de Wet in South Africa. Starting out with this little band, melting away as he marched, Garibaldi had but one hope of safety, and that was to cross Italy and reach the sea at Venice where Manin was still carrying on his heroic defence. The venture seemed hopeless, for Italy was over-run with the armies of Europe. The Spaniards in the south, the French in the west, the Austrians to the north—all ringed him round and hedged him in. These innumerable columns were in perpetual movement, hunting for this one man with his little army. How gradually, by feints and forced marches, moving by night always rather than by day, Garibaldi wormed his way from point to point, between the hosts of his enemies, right across the peninsula until he brought the remnant of his little band to the free and independent Republic of San Marino—still standing in splendid isolation on its lonely rock-ridge—is thrillingly described in the later chapters of Mr. Trevelyan's book. That march has become a mighty legend in the history of Italy. It is now marked by statues of the hero, and every wayside inn in which he rested is now a sacred spot. Garibaldi never reached Venice; his fishing boats were caught by the Austrian fleet among the Lagoons, and he was driven ashore almost alone, on to the sand-dunes that break those stretches of shallow, melancholy sea. There, in a humble farmhouse his beloved Anita—the wife of all his voyages—died in his arms, and he was left to wander alone across the Romagna and Tuscany. The tale of these wanderings through the very hosts of Austria is a story of breathless adventure in which the frequency and narrowness of his escapes seem to pass into the region of the miraculous. Happy the nation whose annals contain episodes so glorious.

Mr. Trevelyan could not have chosen a better theme for his labours. We sincerely hope that he will follow it up by giving the world in equal detail the story of Garibaldi's still greater return to Italy in 1860—of his triumphant march across the very country which he traversed as a hunted fugitive in 1849; of his final blows for the victory of Italian nationality. But that victory was not really won in 1860. It was earned in 1848, in those

futile attacks on the Villa Corsini, in that splendid, hopeless fight at the Aurelian wall. It was paid for in that magnificent march to the Adriatic Sea.

Books such as these give us a clue as to the proper work of the historian. Laborious research is apt to annoy when it is devoted to ignoble periods and the dull intrigues of worldly statesmen. But when it is employed on the achievements of a hero whose every deed remains as a precious legacy to mankind, then we feel that the historian is only placing humanity in secure possession of its title-deeds. In such a case, the smallest detail dredged from oblivion is a gain to mankind.

It is the duty of every reviewer, therefore, to welcome a book that is at once illuminated by enthusiasm and clarified by faithful scholarship. It is a worthy English monument to one of the noblest periods in the life of a noble nation.

H. S.

"BACON'S ALTER EGO"

The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew, Bacon's Alter Ego. By his Kinsman, ARNOLD HARRIS MATTHEW, de jure Earl of Landaff; and ANNETTE CALTHROP. (Elkin Mathews, 12s. 6d.)

THERE ought to be a special purgatory for early twentieth-century biographers, or at least a hermitage to which, when (if ever) they attain discrimination, they may retire and expiate their sins against the quick and the dead. No one is safe from them, and Mr. ——— (readers may fill up the blanks according to their taste) is as likely to be belauded or belittled as Mr. Swinburne or Mr. George Meredith. Foolish depreciation of a great man is intolerable, but inane exaltation of a small man is worse. To the second class belongs Mr. Matthew's biography of Sir Tobie Matthew—"Bacon's Alter Ego"—whose "remarkable personality" he here seeks to "rescue from oblivion" for the benefit of "the literary world." The rescue has, he tells us, involved much hard work:

In order to obtain full and accurate information, extensive searches had to be made in Madrid, Salamanca, Rome, Brussels, Ghent, Douai, Valladolid, Lisbon, the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, Lambeth Palace Library, York Minster Library, the Public Record Office of Ireland, the Public Record Office in London, and in numerous private collections. Much valuable matter was discovered in the Foreign State Papers relating respectively to Holland, Flanders, Tuscany, the Italian States, Rome, Genoa, Spain, France, the German Empire, the German States, and Venice. The Roman Transcripts at the Record Office, from 1603 to 1660, and the Domestic State Papers, from 1590 to 1660, were also thoroughly overhauled.

It sounds very imposing; we can only regret that there is so little to show for it all, and that so much valuable time should have been wasted on behalf of what, we are afraid, will prove a very ungrateful "literary world." We have read every line of Mr. Matthew's lengthy book, and we are forced to admit that it might have been better executed and that Mr. Matthew's conception of a "remarkable personality" differs vastly from ours. To us Sir Tobie's personality seems essentially commonplace. To call him in all seriousness "Bacon's Alter Ego" argues not only an astounding lack of perception and discrimination but ignorance of Bacon's life and work. To go no further, Sir Tobie possessed, so far as we can judge from this life and the specimens given of his prose and verse, no gifts worthy of mention and no attainments save a knowledge of three or four languages, of which his kinsman makes the most possible.

Tobie Matthew, who was born in 1577, was the son of Dr. Matthew, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Durham and Archbishop of York, a staunch Puritan who exhibited throughout his life towards those of his fellow Christians who differed from him in the form of their worship, all the bitterness and intolerance which characterised his age. After a profligate youth, Tobie went abroad and ultimately became a Catholic. Mr. Matthew would have us believe him "a

veray parfit gentil knight," but his journey into Italy after obtaining his parents' consent to his travelling abroad on the condition that he did not enter that country, does not redound much to his credit, nor does his dissimulation in pretending to remain faithful to the Established Church after professing Catholicism in a Catholic land. Mr. Matthew, however, is always ready with an apology for his hero.

A clod—a piece of orange-peel,
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a princely heel,
How beautiful they are!

Tobie returned to England, admitted his conversion and incurred the wrath of his parents in consequence, was imprisoned in the Fleet for sixteen months and then exiled, obtained permission to return and was again exiled, and was allowed to return home and played a part in the negotiations which ended in the failure of the projected Spanish match. In return for his services he was knighted, and for some years he lived in fairly affluent circumstances, trying to ameliorate the lot of the persecuted Catholics and subsequently acting not over-honourably towards the Church of his adoption. Finally he incurred the enmity of influential courtiers, fled precipitately to escape being tried, and died abroad. He was, for the greater part of his life, a friend of Bacon, received letters from and wrote letters to him, stayed with him, criticised his literary work, and was once referred to by him as "another myself."

Such, in bare outline, is the story of the life of Sir Tobie Matthew. Like Bacon in that he was always what St. Paul called ἀνθρώπου ἑσῆς, he appears to have been unlike him in every other respect. We fail, as we have suggested, to perceive any marked capacity or nobility of character, and he could no more have written Bacon's works than Bacon could have written Shakespeare's. His claim to the title of "Bacon's Alter Ego" rests on the phrase "another myself," employed by Bacon in a letter to express personal esteem for the man who was trying to further his interests. To estimate the importance of the words and their actual meaning it is necessary only to remember Bacon the courtier.

Let us turn to the biography of this uninteresting person. We have said that it might have been better executed. That is mild condemnation for the slipshod, inaccurate, uninspired work before us. Our de jure Earl of Landaff is severe on other editors, regrets that "the original orthography has not been adhered to throughout the transcription" of a letter he reproduces, and so on. There is an old proverb about stones and glass houses which our readers would not thank us for quoting. In the first letter reproduced in this volume there are no fewer than seventeen errors in transcription, including a word inserted, an omission of eight words with nothing to mark the omission, and the phrase "what narrow straights you were like to be drawn to" instead of "driuen to." These seventeen errors occur in a letter eight lines only in length! In the second letter—eighteen lines in length—there are no fewer than thirty-seven errors; and in the third, which consists of twenty-seven lines, there are sixty-seven or sixty-eight errors. We will take as an example of Mr. Matthew's trustworthiness his transcription of the second letter, from which, he tells us, "various expletives . . . have necessarily been deleted." We are curious to know more about these presumably offensive expletives. What are they? And where are they? Perhaps Mr. Matthew will explain. We fail to find them in the original. The letter runs, or rather Mr. Matthew transcribes it:

The barbarouse Bishopp, after he had detained our messsinger, five daies, without wellcom or answer, hath, at last, returned him, but with so vnexpected and vnnaturall replies, as the like cannot be imagined. His answer to the Vice-Chancellor's letter was that he had rather have heard of his sonne's death, then his sicknes, although this doth somewhat please him, in that he sees God hath harkened to his praiers. He began his letter with what shall I write? He saith his sonne shall never recover his favour. He saith he is a reprobate,

a castawaic, an example above example, of an irreverent and disobedient child, and, to conclude, One quem ipsa salus, servare non potest. He saith he is one who did impiously practise against his mother, his deare (and chaste) mother, whose life he doth tender above seven sonnes, yea, seuntie seven sonnes. And, at last, he entreats him to show him no comfort, to undertake nothing for him, nor to be deceived with his Hyppocriticall shewes, and malenchollie sicknes.

Of the thirty-seven errors, including a wrong reference given by the editor, two are omissions. The sentences which are transcribed: "He begann his letter with what shall I write? He saith his sonne shall never recover his favour" read in the original: "He beegann his letter wth what shall I write? or what shall I not write? He saith his sonn shall neuer recouer his fauour, Donec et quousque." What strange editorial caprice suggested the first omission, we do not know; perhaps it is due merely to the inexcusable carelessness which is apparent on almost every page of the book. We suggest that the second omission is due to ignorance pure and simple. The words are as clearly written in the original as it is possible for them to be, but the customary abbreviation of the terminal "que" appears to have baffled the transcriber, with the result that he omitted the Latin words entirely. "Quem ipsa salus, servare non potest" is "Quem ipsa salus seruare non potest" in the original; and, similarly, dozens of inserted commas, in other letters, reduce sense to nonsense, and full stops are frequently ignored. If a sentence does not seem to read, a word is supplied—not in brackets, but in the text—and often wrongly supplied. The extraordinary "Quis nomen unqua sceleris errori impletet," in the third letter, is, of course, "Quis nomen unqua sceleris errori imputet," and the manuscript would present no difficulty to a fourth-form schoolboy. In the same letter, "unknownen Seceretarye" has been italicised merely because there is a slight underlining in pencil—probably the mark of some other worker in the Record Office.

We have dealt with errors in three letters only, and those the first three; others contain similar inaccuracies—"how" for "her" is a fair specimen—but it would be futile, even if we could spare the space, to expose them. It may be that not the editor but Miss Bluebell Williams, who is the subject of one of the most illuminating footnotes in the volume ("Now Mrs. Hugh Hunter" it runs), is primarily responsible for the transcriptions; but even if this be so, it does not in any way mitigate Mr. Matthew's culpability. There seems little to show for all the paraded "searches" in "Madrid, Salamanca, Rome, Brussels, Ghent, Douai, Valladolid, Lisbon," and so on. In a large number of cases no references to authorities are given, and we are therefore not always able to check Mr. Matthew; but almost invariably we are unable to agree with him as to the "considerable historical interest" of the documents transcribed. At times he is pleased to attempt to assist his readers to understand the strange words which people used in olden times and do not use to-day. We trust they will be duly grateful for such explanations as that "requyre" means "request," where a child would know that it meant nothing of the sort, and that "her favour" means "her face," where it is obvious, from the words which follow, that it does not.

Into many questions suggested by Mr. Matthew's inaccurate and worthless book we have not space to enter; but we are curious to know why, in giving in detail two items in Bacon's "Confession" which refer to Sir Tobie Matthew, he considers it "only fair to Lord St. Alban's memory to preface them . . . with the summing up of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his admirable 'Personal History of Lord Bacon?'" Why Mr. Hepworth Dixon? And is not every one who is likely to read this biography of "Bacon's Alter Ego" perfectly familiar with the whole facts of the case?

It remains to add that the bibliography is useless; that a great many portraits are inserted in the book merely because their subjects happen to be mentioned in letters or documents; that long and sometimes inaccurate and always unnecessary biographies of these people are given

beneath the portraits; that there is no indication of where the portraits are taken from; that the book is useless for reference or any other purpose; and that Mr. Matthew shows no qualifications whatever for his self-appointed task. Many of his comments are childish and he fails entirely to present a picture of his hero and his times or to enlist our sympathies for an unimportant and commonplace person.

ARCADIA

The Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia." By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.
"Early Novelists." Edited by E. A. BAKER. (Routledge, 6s. net.)

WHO does not know Arcadia? All things conspire to make this country a heavenly dwelling. Do you not see the grass, how in colour they excel the emeralds? Do you not see the beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know and his life to express? The stately trees maintain a flourishing old age, clothed in perpetual spring, because no beauty here could ever fade. The air breathes health which the birds daily solemnise with the sweet consent of their voices, and every echo is a perfect music. How slowly the brooks slide away! they are loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection, and with a sweet murmur they lament their forced departure. Certainly, certainly, it must needs be that some goddess inhabiteth this region who is the soul of this soil.

Who does not know Arcadia? At that time in the evening, when a hush falls upon the earth and all nature is quiet to celebrate the change from day to night, when the sun sinks with careful splendour and the shadows of the cedars lengthen across the lawn. Listen, only listen, and you seem to hear the cadence of some old song, sung to the lute:

See the chariot at hand here of love
In which my lady rideth:
Each that draws is a swan or a dove
And well the car love guideth. . . .

That is the hour when old Time even forgets his enmity, and slowly you pass into Arcadia where love and beauty dwell. A sleeping mood; a waking dream—whose presence would not be an intrusion, whose memory even? Few men who have lived, fewer men who are living. It is a mood of youth, of the youth for which years are no measure:

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past—there is a harmony
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

Philip Sidney was its prophet. He wrote a book longer than a summer day and called the book "Arcadia." He dedicated it to his dear lady and sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

You desired me to do it and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now it is done only for you, only to you . . . Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence.

He has caught the spirit of Arcadia—the hush and whispering peace after a great day of sun. This is no sluggish peace; it is the peace that comes only after tremendous effort, the last outcome of vitality.

This vitality was the keynote of the Elizabethan age; it is apparent in this aspiration towards beauty just as it is apparent in reckless cruelty. The compass of the age was immense. And every instinct, every tendency of brute or god raged with intense life and was expressed. Nothing lay dormant. The lives of its men express the life of the age in which they lived. Contrast Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney; the contrast is remarkable. In Dudley all the

cruelty and ostentation and savage power of the time seem to find expression; in Sidney all its grace and skill and poetry. Men hated Dudley for his arrogance: he dared to think of setting himself beside their Queen. His name had an evil sound ever since the untoward death of Amy Robsart, his wife. Well enough men knew what was meant when the husband in the Yorkshire tragedy says, after he has thrown his wife down and slain her:

The surest way to charm a woman's tongue
Is—break her neck: a politician did it.

They thought of the stone staircase at Cumnor and shuddered. The people did not like his way of cheapening their Queen's good name; they did not like the man who caused scandals to arise about her. But they loved Sir Philip Sidney for the grace which his hand brought to everything which he touched. He was the antithesis of the rough unmannered Dudley. Men vied with one another in his praises; men fought for the right to call him friend, and a woman became immortal by being "Sidney's sister." "Sidney the Siren of this latter age," writes Barnefield; "divine Sir Philip," Michael Drayton calls him, and Ben Jonson, defying the charge of exaggeration, utters (you can hear him say it) "the godlike Sidney." Even the ribald Nash lowers his mad voice to the note of reverence: "Apollo hath resigned his Ivory Harpe unto Astrophel, and he like Mercury must lull you asleep with his musicke . . . Deare Astrophel that in the ashes of thy love livest again like the Phoenix; O might thy bodie (as thy name) live again likewise here amongst us; but the earthe, the mother of mortality hath snatched thee too soon into her chilled cold armes, and will not let thee by any means be drawne from her deadly embrace; and thy divine Soule, carried on an Angel's wings to heaven, is installed in Hermes place sole prolocutor to the Gods." His life was a poem which all the men who lived with him were great enough to read and to appreciate: his death is an example for all time. Not even fame with its common story can sully the brightness of his name.

Sidney fulfilled the ideal of Castiglione's courtier. Especially did he understand the beauty, in memorable praise of which the book makes its great ending—that Beauty

which is the origin of all other beawtye whiche never encreaseth nor diminisheth, always beutifull and of itself . . . most simple. This is the beawtye unseperable from the high bountie, which with her voyce calleth and draweth to her all thynges.

Certainly, certainly it must needs be that some goddess inhabiteth this region who is the soul of this soil: and Sidney knew that her name was Beauty.

Who does not know Arcadia? And who would not wish to pass with Sidney into Arcadia, for all things conspire to make this country a heavenly dwelling? His book (it is longer than a summer's day) gave a fashion to the speech at Court; roused many imitators: it even belongs to literary history, and questions are asked about it now in examination papers. The present edition is fit to supply that need: the spelling is modernised: there are not very many misprints: there is a useful introduction. But the heart yearns for that old facsimile, where the spelling has the quaintness of the prose and the type has all its mysterious beauty. There you can read and dream and pass into Arcadia.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Twilight and Darkness. By J. K. MACMEIKAN. Privately printed. (Oxford: Noke, 1s. 6d.)

THERE is a good deal of what Keats one called "yeasting youth" in Mr. Macmeikan's little octavo. The author's thinking is half Arnoldian, half Heine-like: in other words, strongly Germanised, and not much concerned, as yet, with the beauty of the natural world. Honest,

wilful, sad, intolerantly modern, it is expressed for the most part, turbulently, but with a genuine literary touch, with the right instinct for words and for the hang of words. Amid these firstlings which have the note of riot, as also of promise, there are a few verses charming through their attained calm: notably the "Ode to a Kingfisher" and "The Face of a Child":

O childish face! when God was dumb,
The sultry world a seeming,
The light of thy clear eyes has come
Like dew upon my dreaming.

Dear childish face! for when desire,
Brute inclination, claimed me,
(Nor old ideals could inspire,
Nor thought of others shamed me),

The picture of thy sunny grace,
Thy wistful look of wonder
That lives but in a child's fair face,
Have trod the devil under!

No reader will gainsay that such lines, even torn from their context, show true feeling and good art.

Peggotts, or The Indian Contingent. By MARGARET PATERSON.
(Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS book consists of a series of letters, exchanged for the most part between a Scotch lady and her nephew, and dealing with the life of a family in Edinburgh and subsequently in Ireland. The members of the family are all of familiar types, and their characters are not so finely drawn nor their life so interesting as to justify the three hundred and fifty pages of lax and discursive English which make up this volume. The epistolary form, simple though it may appear, is one that requires a practised and accomplished writer to do it justice, and it will be a pity if the recovery of Mr. Swinburne's brilliant "Love's Cross Currents," or any other reason, should revive a method of writing fiction in which it is so easy to be dull. Still, the book is not without a certain slumbrous charm, and Miss Paterson displays at times a very pleasant sense of humour, though we do not find these letters so "infinitely amusing" as her characters do.

2835 Mayfair. By FRANK RICHARDSON. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

It may safely be said at the present time that there was never a day when men and women of average intelligence sought more eagerly for the ridiculous, or had a greater longing and admiration for the sublime. They express the latter sentiments by filling the shelves over their bedroom mantelpieces with cheap classics which stay there unread, even as the portfolios of Landseer prints, which were formed by their less cultured parents, lay unregarded on their parlour tables. To satisfy their passion for the ridiculous there is Mr. Frank Richardson, and, at his bidding, every suburb tinkles with laughter at the mention of whiskers.

We do not know what effect this popularity may have had on Mr. Richardson, but we find in the book before us something of the confused point of view that pertains to his readers. Sometimes his story, of which the central idea is a variant of that of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is plainly satirical in purpose, sometimes it is as plainly realistic, and thus, regarded as satire or melodrama, "2835 Mayfair" must be considered unsatisfactory. There is, however, plenty of ingenuity in the manner in which Mr. Richardson develops his tale, and his admirers will find no lack of those inconsequent humours which he has taught them to expect. Indeed, we have never known Mr. Richardson in better form than in his account of the theft of an opal pin, and the army of detectives which works for its recovery enables him to give us some diverting satire on the methods of the London police. But his plot as a whole is hardly adapted to such flippant treatment, and as a consequence the book is marred by several errors of judgment, and its termination is frankly distasteful.

The Beautiful Teetotaler. By T. W. H. CROSLAND. (The Century Press, 5s.)

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND'S new book, "The Beautiful Teetotaler," contains with much trenchant humour some very sound good sense. A more scathing and damning exposure of the unscrupulous and dishonest methods by which so-called "temperance" fanatics seek to carry on their "holy war" it would be impossible to conceive. Leaving out the political aspect of the case with which in the ACADEMY we are in no wise concerned, and looking at it from the literary point of view with which we are very much concerned, we can say with truth that Mr. Crosland, by his pillorying of some of the most notorious of the purveyors of literary hog-wash for the consumption of unfortunate children on whom they practise their vile arts, has performed a very considerable service to the community. Mr. Crosland is a man of strong views, and he is given to expressing them strongly. Sometimes we have found with regret that the violence of his methods of controversy or attack overweights the subjects which he chooses as the vehicles of his generally righteous animosity; that fault, if it has existed in some of his former books, is not to be found in the present one. It is a slashing attack, but it is a really damaging and solid attack resting upon ascertained facts, and a rare and unerring insight into the real meaning of things which are obscured to the majority of people by the clouds of false issues, for the most part deliberately and dishonestly raised by those whose interest it is to raise them. Mr. Crosland's book should have a stimulating effect and rouse the public to a sense of the very definite and imminent danger which threatens it: the danger of the tyranny of an insignificant but fatally noisy minority.

PRONUNCIATION

II.—THE SMATTERING OF ENGLISH

THE Erasmian mode of pronouncing Latin could scarcely have had a more favourable opportunity than at the time of its establishment under Elizabeth, who placed great confidence in its surviving founder, Sir Thomas Smith, both as a scholar and as a diplomatist. After filling various important offices, he became Secretary of State in 1572. Yet his system had only begun to be familiar just before that date. It was moreover identified with the party of the Reformation, then completely triumphant. To the scholars of that party the differences between it and the Reuchlinian mode had a poignant meaning, the peculiarly Erasmian syllables now spelt to them burning others, as the Reuchlinian had spelt being burnt themselves. The unhappy Cheke had only narrowly escaped the stake by changing his religious professions, and a namesake and retainer of Smith had been actually burnt in 1557. Yet some twenty-five years after Smith's death his system had already fallen into such decay that the good Protestant traveller Coryate resolved "with God's help" to practise linguistic Popery for the remainder of his days. A hundred years after the burning of Smith's retainer, Milton gets angry in support of the pronunciation of Stephen Gardiner who fired the faggots. Smith and Cheke had found Latin sickly; in order to cure it they killed it, and put in its place an accurate mummy, which all the power of Elizabeth and ability of Smith could not preserve during their own lives. Also, Cheke and Smith had had the foresight to guard against the decay which might threaten their system from its isolation in the midst of an indetermined vernacular. They invented reforms in English spelling in order to stereotype the sounds then in use. Cheke re-translated part of the Gospels and printed his work according to his new spelling. Smith's new alphabet is probably simpler and less repellant to the eye than any which have since been proposed. These inventions might have served as standards of reference for

Latin sounds and have taken the place of living tradition. They actually never had any effect.

The Three Societies have a similar task, without their predecessors' advantages. Their system has now two vigorous rivals instead of one. The traditional pronunciation has been slowly regaining ground and is now used far more than is supposed among scholars, at any rate those who are not engaged in education. It was probably heard in public in the Universities long before the date I name, but the Chancellor's Latin verse was certainly recited in that mode in 1884 by the advice of so well-known a Latin scholar as Mr. Robinson Ellis. It is used in many schools with both the other modes, and it can be heard daily in the new Cathedral at Westminster. There is now no more fire about it than the British people likes to play with. The English language has become much more Latinised than it was in the sixteenth century, there is more communication with the neo-latin peoples and their two-fold sound of *c* and of *g* is more in accordance with English than the single sound advocated by the Three Societies. Secondly the *Current* mode is as vigorous as ever, and now seems stereotyped. Its sounds have reacted on the vernacular. However we pronounce *caelum* and *Cicero* we shall not alter the sounds of *celestial* and *ciceronian* accordingly, nor call *pronunciation* pronunk-i-a-ti-on. Mr. Wimbolt quotes with satisfaction the decision of the Board of Education. This is the present substitute for the patronage of Elizabeth's Government and the enthusiasm for learning of the Elizabethan Age. The primary duty of the Board is understood to be the superintendence of a minimum of instruction for an unwilling populace that has to be driven to school by fear of fine and imprisonment. Its success is moderate. Its president is some politician whose first duty is to promote the interests of the supporters of his party. It is strange that Mr. Wimbolt should welcome this patronage. At the same moment the University of Oxford stands begging in the streets, stretching out one palm to its own children and hinting plainly enough that the other is open to doles from wealthy foreigners. Its representatives state truly that "in this country it is of no avail to look to the State for the satisfaction of these requirements."

I am glad that the Three Societies do not emulate Cheke and Smith in providing a new alphabet and a new system of spelling English. Dr. Postgate compares the pronunciation of Latin to chaos; what term of comparison could he find for English spelling and what superlative would express the state of English pronunciation? I refer merely to the amazement of all foreigners (except, of course, the inhabitants of the United States) at the differences in the pronunciation of a single word among the most learned Englishmen. I instance the pronunciation of a very able ecclesiastic, a renowned statesman and an eminent headmaster, all of the Victorian Era, as extremely provincial, incorrect and totally different. The ecclesiastic's language was particularly offensive to the ear. Among the headmaster's solecisms was the pronunciation of *boy*—as if it were written *bai* in Italian. At least one Head of a House still pronounces English like a bargee. All such scholars are unaware of their solecisms and would admit them at once if any one could make them hear them. It does not matter how the Board of Education pronounces English, because it obviously does not attempt to teach the teachers of elementary schools even the rudiments of pronunciation. But what is the pronunciation of the Three Societies like? Dr. Postgate takes English words as a pattern on which Latin should be pronounced. He evidently does so unwillingly. I quote his first example. *A* in Latin is to be pronounced like *a* in *father*. Of course he pronounces it and intends it to be pronounced as *a* in Italian. That direction would be plain enough, but how is the pupil to know, when he hears scholars pronounce it also like the Italian *e*, *jayther*, like the English *air*, *fairther*, and like the Scandinavian *aa*, *fawther*? Dr. Postgate considers

the English pronunciation of Latin worse than the current, yet, by yielding to a demand for an English standard of sound, he is forced, in the cases of four simple vowels, to explain them by French words. Consequently he has to cite two sounds which he knows are not identical, as in the case of the English *not* and the French *botte*. The English sound of *i* in *hit* or *his* is not heard exactly in any Latin language, a Latin tends to say *he's* (short), as do some English provincials. It is difficult to see why English pupils should be made more confused in sounds than they are already. Mr. T. W. Dunn, writing in defence of the *Current* pronunciation, states that if the foreign pronunciation is necessary, it could be taught in an hour. It could by Mr. Dunn, because he is a precisionist in the pronunciation of English, and the continental sounds are much simpler, so that it is easier for an English boy to attain to the beauty of Dr. Sandys's pronunciation of Latin in the Reuchlinian mode, than to Mr. Dunn's accuracy in English. I can only note in reference to the pronunciation of the Latin *v*, which has now to be confusingly represented by *u*, that Dr. Murray points out that the Scottish Classical Association does not insist on its receiving the sound of the English *w*, which is surely far too strong. Finally, Mr. Wimbolt asks: "Could the continental nations be induced to adopt the same system?" The continental nations have therefore not approved of it, and our isolation which Dr. Postgate deplores is merely to be renewed. It is surely unlikely that the continental scholars will accept it in order to come into line with Englishmen who have been unable for more than three hundred years to agree together on the pronunciation of Latin, and are notoriously unable to pronounce their own language. If they did adopt it one of the great impediments to Latin as a universal conversational language might be withdrawn, as Mr. Wimbolt remarks, but not the greatest impediment as far as English scholars are concerned. Owing to the defective system of our public school and university teaching of Latin, few English scholars can talk it with *any* pronunciation.

A. L. S.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN RAG-BAG

HERE is a book ("Shakespeare," by Professor Raleigh), like an old housewife's rag-bag, filled with odds and ends of every kind; here you will find scraps of silk and cotton, lace, velvet, brocade, and homespun of every shape, size and colour in inextricable confusion. The big rag-bag of opinions about Shakespeare has been in the making now for over three centuries; no human ingenuity could bring order into it or plan or purpose; what is old in it, is fusty; what is new, is without use; it should be thrown on the dust-heap and carted away with as little offence as possible to eyes and nostrils.

Professor Raleigh doesn't try even to make a patchwork quilt of it; he empties the rag-bag out before you, throws away half, adds bits of his own and other people's raiment and there you are—the latest contribution to Shakespearean literature and criticism compiled by an Oxford professor and published by Messrs. Macmillan.

That the book is a disgrace to English scholarship, an offence to all lovers of Shakespeare, goes without saying. If you want a rag-bag of disparate opinions brought into some sort of decent order, you can have it, it is already provided. The other day Professor Brandes published a book on Shakespeare which was adequately translated by Mr. William Archer, which gives an excellent account of Shakespeare's life and work. It does not pretend to any originality; Dr. Brandes simply put together the best which had been thought and said about Shakespeare, guiding himself chiefly by Coleridge and tradition plus his own good sense, and the result was a decent and creditable, if somewhat dull and superficial, presentation of the master. Dr. Brandes, at least, was

scrupulous; so far as he could, he gave every man due credit; if he used a piece of lace, he at once said that it was contributed by so-and-so; but Professor Raleigh simply annexes the whole rag-bag and uses whatever he fancies without even a "By-your-leave!" just as if the whole collection belonged to him.

The main point, however, is that Dr. Brandes's compilation was on the whole as satisfactory a piece of work as industry, good sense and writer's talent could produce. For anything better one must pray for genius. On the other hand there is "The Life of Shakespeare" by Mr. Sidney Lee, which is filled with new things that have no value; guesses which have nothing to recommend them except that they are fetched from far; a storehouse of oddities in which pedantry has run wild, pedantry without any restraining guide of judgment or direction.

Professor Raleigh has elected to stew Dr. Brandes down into one small volume; he has left out the Doctor's admirable synopsis of Tyler's great work on the Sonnets; he seems indeed to have been so affected by Mr. Sidney Lee's pedantry that he cannot read the Sonnets for himself; in fine his book is on a far lower level of insight and of learning than Dr. Brandes' work. Why then did Professor Raleigh undertake the job? When Messrs. Macmillan offered him the task he should have refused it; he might truthfully have said to them; "I have nothing new to say about Shakespeare, not one word: why bother me to add another to the innumerable books on the subject that already exist"; but no, Professor Raleigh jumped at the chance and here against the great mirror of Shakespeare's personality he stands admiring himself.

And here we find Professor Dowden calling it in the *Nation*, "a wise and beautiful book," simply because it is much the same sort of treacly chromo of superhuman wisdom, goodness and serenity which he himself produced thirty years ago and put forth as a portrait of Shakespeare, and here is Mr. Charles Whibley in the *Observer* declaring boldly "it may be said at once that Professor Raleigh's book on Shakespeare is far the best thing of its kind that has been written." Poor Mr. Whibley, who would be an Elizabethan if you please and combine courage and learning, and who it must be confessed wears bravely the mantle of Pistol which fell from the shoulders of the late Mr. Henley. Even Mr. Edmund Gosse praises the book; Mr. Gosse, who being something of a poet must of necessity know better.

Some gentle reader is sure to blame me here for violent language; the note of perfection, I shall be told, is to use eulogy with a difference and find good even in a professor who can't paint and yet encumbers the way with botchings. But, after all, Dante was not very kind to mere scholars; he put his schoolmaster in the fifth circle of Hell, and Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* and elsewhere laughed at the pretensions of pedantry in words which have not yet taught their lesson:

Small have continual plodders ever won
Save bare authority from others' books.

But now for the proof of the matter, the indubitable and satisfying proof that all this praise of Professor Raleigh is fulsome-dishonest or else self-interested-ignorant; that Professor Raleigh, far from being a good guide to Shakespeare, is only just fit to measure Alfred Austin, say, or some one of that calibre, and not able to paint a credible portrait even of one of his own size. Let us take the opening sentences of his book: "Every age has its own difficulties in the appreciation of Shakespeare. The age in which he lived was too near him to see him truly." What drivel this is! No age appreciates any great man, nor ever will; the great man must be thought lucky if he finds one human soul "to see him truly," and Shakespeare was so blessed in Ben Jonson. This whole first chapter of the Professor's book gives us the usual servile estimate of Shakespeare: "He was a lover of clear decisive action, and of the deed done." Really? He was not painting himself then in the shilly-

shallying Richard II. or in the hesitations of Hamlet? "Shakespeare holds the balance steady . . . Shakespeare was that rarest of all things, a whole man." The stomach of one's sense rises at the feeble-foolish mispraise.

But here and there one is struck suddenly by a living word: "*The frank geniality of the man and the excitable fervour of the Talker* are matched by the unchecked exuberance of the poet." Do not attribute this flash of insight to the Professor; he has had it out of the rag-bag; a contribution of our own time which he annexes and wears proudly, as the Kaffir chief wears a collar while rejecting the rest of the white man's wardrobe.

But let us find a piece of unadulterated Raleigh if we can; Raleigh at his own brightest and best; Raleigh and no one else that ever lived. After much searching I have found such a page; here it is.

His (Shakespeare's) early play of *Titus Andronicus*, which is like the poems, shows how strangely hard-hearted this love of beauty can be, and makes it easy to understand how he was fascinated and dominated, for a time, by Marlowe. Yet even in "*Venus and Adonis*" there is evidence that he has outgrown Marlowe, and is on the way to a serener and wiser view of things. The protest of Adonis, beginning "Call it not love," is unlike anything in Marlowe, and sounds the knell of violent ambitions and desires.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies."

In "*Venus and Adonis*" then, according to the Professor, Shakespeare, because he writes a schoolboy screed on the difference between lust and love, has outgrown Marlowe, and "is on the way to a serener and wiser view of things." This youthful twaddle of Shakespeare "sounds the knell," if you please, "of violent ambitions and desires."

First of all Shakespeare's ambitions were never violent, but that this verse sounded the knell of his violent desires is too grotesque a misstatement to deserve refutation. All Shakespeare's life, my good Professor, was given to violent desires; if you don't know that, you know nothing about him—nothing. That much you should have learned from *Romeo and Juliet* and from *Twelfth Night* and from *Measure for Measure* and from the Sonnets and from *Othello* and from *Cressida* and from *Antony and Cleopatra*. So far from Shakespeare at twenty-eight or thirty being on his way "to a serener and wiser view of things," he was on his way to the mad passion and ecstasies of jealousy which made him Shakespeare and crowned him king of Tragedy. As I have said and proved elsewhere it was through agony and bloody sweat that he reached the madness of Lear and the disgraceful shriekings of Timon, and it was only when the fire of passion had burnt itself out and consumed his life and strength in the burning that he won to such serenity as the fever patient finds when he lies exhausted waiting for the end.

It is unworthy of any one with a grain of sense to trouble himself about such a book at this. But lest any reader should think I have been severe or unjust, let him read this page on the Sonnets. It is supposed to be fine writing at Oxford, one fancies; but what does it mean and why was it written?

The Sonnets speak to all who have known the chances and changes of human life. Their occasion is a thing of the past; their theme is eternal. The tragedy of which they speak is the topic and inspiration of all poetry; it is the triumph of Time, marching relentlessly over the ruin of human ambitions and human desires. It may be read in all nature and in all art; there are hints of it in the movement of the dial-hand, in the withering of flowers, in the wrinkles on a beautiful face; it comes home with the harvests of autumn, and darkens hope in the eclipses of the sun and moon; the yellowing papers of the poet and the crumbling pyramids of the builder tell of it; it speaks in the waves that break upon the shore, and in the histories that commemorate bygone civilisations. All things decay; the knowledge is as old as time, and as dull as philosophy. But what a poignancy it takes from its sudden recognition by the heart:

"Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go."

"It would help us but little," says the Professor, "to know the names of the beautiful youth and the dark woman" whom Shakespeare loved. And from the Professor's point of view the foolish phrase is true enough: nothing would help him much; but it helps the rest of us, Professor; it even helps some of us to give Mr. Tyler thanks for his book on the subject wherein the names were first set forth; some of us love to pay such debts; but when one has nothing of one's own to pay with, ingratitude becomes a virtue. When will the Professors leave the greatest of poets alone? One doesn't find the sceptics writing the lives of saints.

FRANK HARRIS.

THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW IN LITERATURE

A REPLY

MR. ADAM LORIMER has, I suppose, thrown down a challenge, and some of the points he raises tempt one irresistibly to reply.

To begin with, I do not quite agree with his premises. It is too sweeping to say that women write exactly the same as men, or that women have not introduced any fresh element into literature and journalism. And it must be remembered, that living as we do, in the same world, the same country, and under much the same conditions, it is rather a great deal to expect any very startling variations. But I think I see his point and the line of demarcation between men's work and women's is not so definite that we cannot accept his statement as a basis of general argument. He asks why women, now that they have entered the writing arena, do not make themselves felt in a more individual way; why woman, emancipated woman, imitates man when she might develop in quite another direction.

It seems to me that there are several reasons, but one above all others. In spite of her occasional railings and extravagances, woman has quite a great deal of respect for man, whom, in her secret heart, she does not really despise in the very least. We have all of us had fathers, most of us brothers, some of us have men friends, more or less intimate, and a few of us even husbands, and those of us who have been fairly fortunate in our experience are ready to admit that they have their good points. There are lots of things they do better than we can, and lots of qualities they possess that we don't. (I suppose there are likewise things we do better than they, but that does not apply.) So we set out in life with a subconscious conviction that what we have to aim at to justify our entrance into hitherto forbidden fields, is to do things as well as men. And perhaps it has never struck us that to do things as well as men, it is not indispensably necessary to do them in exactly the same way, especially as the elementary conditions of success in writing, good taste, the observance of niceties of style, and grammar, of construction and logical sequence, being precisely the same for women as for men, the line of least resistance will tend to run in the same direction.

But there is another reason, perhaps a more deep-lying one, why women educated under modern freer conditions, so seldom strike out a distinct line, and it is the obvious fact that like conditions bring about like results. A woman who sees, hears, and reads what men do on a given subject, is uncommonly likely to think the same thoughts concerning it, and she will, generally speaking, only think differently on those matters which she does not, and cannot, see from the same point of view. Such are love, marriage, and family and domestic matters generally, and these touch her so nearly, and press upon her so closely, that she is quite incapable of detaching herself from them and seeing them in correct perspective, so she finds refuge, when she takes up her pen, in the generally accepted conventional treatment of them. I

think that women find it very difficult to be perfectly sincere with regard to their most intimate thoughts and feelings, and I suppose that the reason, apart from the difficulty of perspective above mentioned, is that a more restricted circle of ideas and experience has made them more sensitive than men to the opinions of others, and they fear condemnation.

I honestly believe that women, as a sex, cherish high ideals, and when they fall short of the standard they have set up before themselves, they are ashamed to confess it and try to stifle the consciousness of failure, hoping to do better next time, and firmly convinced that every one else does do better. Doubtless the truthful and sincere woman writer, who it appears has not yet arrived, will show up mercilessly everything which in her experience has fallen out differently from the accepted manner in books. But she will be waited for a long time yet. The average woman writer clings to her ideals. If her own experience does not happen to have been picturesque enough for her purpose, she is more likely to write down what might have happened to some one else, or to generalise from an incident she has only observed from the outside, than to represent things as she has really seen them. And say what one will, let the men give, or let us take, all the liberty imaginable, a woman's range of experience will necessarily always be more circumscribed than a man's, and the things she knows at first hand are likely always to be fewer, so she is almost driven to trusting to her imagination sometimes.

Mr. Adam Lorimer seems very anxious to know how a woman feels when she is kissed by a man, and how she feels when she is not kissed. But why should we cheapen such things by putting them in books? Do men, or at any rate those whose feelings matter, let the public into the secret of what it feels like for a man to kiss a woman, or for her successfully to resist his doing it? Does he really wish women to be less discreet?

Besides, we could not tell, if we would. We have the reputation, as a sex, of being very talkative, but for all that we are not articulate. The things we feel and know, we cannot put into words. We are not given to analysis and introspection, and those of us who by any chance are, have departed somewhat from the traditions of our sex, and the results of the analysis will not be the undiluted feminine.

Then, apart from all this, there is one precious quality, exceedingly rare in women writers, without possessing which it would be dangerous to lift the curtain and reveal "woman's" secrets, and that is the gift of humour. By "gift of humour" I do not mean the power of appreciating a joke, or even of making one, but that large, indulgent tolerance, which observes all things with a smile and condemns none, which touches fragile things, not flippantly, but lightly. Without this divine gift of humour it would be too easy to be cruel. And, with all our faults and failings, I think we had better stop short of that.

There is one final reason why women are so far from anxious to urge their own point of view, which, though I believe it to be the most potent of all, I am more than a little shy of bringing forward. It is, that all purely feminine interests, pursuits, and points of view are to the male mind—and presumably to the cultivated mind in general—uninteresting and contemptible. Perhaps this is merely a pose that men adopt, but from her earliest childhood a girl is accustomed to hear from her male relatives and associates—at any rate from those of her own age, whose dicta she naturally considers most infallible—that all she thinks and does, in which they do not take a share, is either "silly," or "unimportant," or "ridiculously easy." She promptly endeavours, therefore, to learn more about the things that "really do matter." Once grown up, she modifies her opinions somewhat as to what these are, but the impression remains that feminine points of view are, to men, trivial and uninteresting, and under the heading feminine she includes all her really spontaneous thoughts and feelings. And

she is quite right. I am sure that even Mr. Adam Lorimer who so good-naturedly and pleasantly wonders what it is all about, does not really wish to know; he would much rather not know, and if any one tried to tell him, he would run away.

I am afraid that the summary of my argument, is woefully illogical: We do not tell the secret of what it is like to be a woman, because: (1) We cannot; (2) We would not if we could; (3) If we could and we would, it would not be interesting; (4) If we could, and we would and it were ever so interesting, it is just as well not to. And the conclusion of the whole matter is that no two women are alike, and that probably not one of my superiors among the women writers and journalists in the length and breadth of the country, will endorse what I have here written.

G. HERRING.

THE PROPAGANDIST AS CRITIC

MR. BERNARD SHAW, in an author's apology which accompanies his two volumes of articles on the drama (*Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, Constable) collected from the *Saturday Review* of the early 'nineties, throws the blame for their republication on the eccentricities of American Copyright Law. If he had not given his consent to an American edition some one would have produced one without that consent—literary piracy being a recognised feature of contemporary civilisation as understood in the United States—and if they were to be published in America it was useless to boggle about England. So an English edition was duly authorised ("not so very unwillingly," as Mr. Shaw confesses with gentle irony), and for the first time I find myself able to be grateful to the dishonesty of American Copyright legislation. For these articles were well worth re-issuing in book form, and it would have been a thousand pities if they had been left unregarded in the files of a weekly newspaper. In fact I am not sure whether they do not contain some of the very best work their author has ever done. They are not only delightfully amusing, but there is a prevailing sanity and good-sense and good-humour underlying their superficial extravagances which is particularly refreshing in these days when so many writers seem to mistake nonsense for paradox. They have also retained their freshness to an extraordinary degree. Although it is now a dozen years since they first appeared they are as keen and stimulating as if they had been written yesterday. So far, in fact, are the opinions expressed in them from seeming antiquated or out of date that many of them are only beginning to be accepted in theatrical circles in London, while the greater part would still be considered revolutionary and even absurd in the Garrick Club. So slow is our English theatre to move. But Mr. Shaw, like the hunted Snark, is always "ages ahead of the fashion." The quality has its drawbacks in a dramatist, as he has probably discovered. It is apt to prevent his critics from grasping more than about one word in ten of what his characters say. But it has its compensating advantages. It prevents his work from growing old as quickly as that of more humdrum folk. The work of the average English playwright and the comments of the average English critic are out of date in three years, unreadable in five. I allow a generous margin for error. Mr. Shaw's early plays are as delightful to-day as they were twenty years ago, when they were first written, more delightful to many people because they understand them better. And Mr. Shaw's dramatic opinions, which seemed mere fantastic heresies twelve years ago, are only just beginning to be orthodox. Twelve years hence perhaps they will have become commonplace. But they will never become unreadable. The brilliancy of their expression, the fun and the irony and the high spirits which lighten every page, will save them from that.

I remember that, when Mr. Shaw began writing in the *Saturday*, just as when he began writing for the stage, people used to complain that he was "not serious." In fact, there are still people who make the same complaint as each new play or preface or letter to the *Times* appears from his pen. It is the most pathetic of delusions and one which these two volumes of criticisms should surely dissipate for ever. For in them Mr. Shaw stands forth unabashed as the most serious of serious persons. He is witty, he is playful, he is flippant even. But he writes as a man with a mission. When "Poems and Ballads" first appeared one of Mr. Swinburne's critics said of him, "He laughs at what other people revere. He would dance in a cathedral." The criticism is equally true of Mr. Shaw. He laughs at what other people revere. But then he reveres passionately what other people laugh at. And though he would dance in a cathedral he would never dream of dancing in a theatre. The theatre to him, in fact (he says so in so many words), is a church, and he thundered from his pulpit as critic with as much fervour as he does from his pulpit as dramatist. Did he not ruin the last act of *Major Barbara* from the standpoint of the theatre because he refused to cut out the sermon? No one who is not a dramatist can realise how much self-denial that means and how tremendously in earnest the man must be who is capable of it. Mr. Shaw, in fact, was primarily a propagandist and only secondarily a critic just as he is now primarily a propagandist and only secondarily a playwright. It is the thing he says and not the way he says it that matters to him, to adapt the music-hall song. He lacks the intellectual detachment, the passion for analysis for its own sake, which marks your true critic. He approached the English drama frankly as a partisan convinced that a certain sort of play and a certain order of ideas were desirable in the London theatre, and that every other sort ought to be expelled with ignominy. And he did what he could to expel them. Everything that satire, invective, pungent irony, good-humoured banter could do to bring this about he did. Truth compels me to confess that the total effect produced on the theatre was not very great. The stupid plays and the stupid people went on much as before. They are going on still. A little uneasy perhaps as to their intellectual position, a little puzzled as to why clever people like Mr. Shaw heap such contempt on their harmless little comedies and romantic dramas and musical imbecilities, but on the whole not much moved one way or the other. And that is why these twelve-year-old criticisms are still interesting reading. There is no interest in watching a man gallantly battering down a door whose panels have already given way. The zest of the struggle is over. But in this case the door still stands apparently as solid as ever. And so it is still excellent sport to watch Mr. Shaw slogging at it.

It is this vehemence, this enthusiasm of Mr. Shaw's, which differentiates him so sharply from the English critics as a whole, and which makes his departure from their ranks so keenly felt. Almost all our dramatic critics are bored with the theatre and I cannot pretend to be astonished at the fact. Though the things which bore them are not always or even usually the things which bore me. Mr. Shaw was never bored at the theatre. In fact, it is not in his temperament to be bored at anything. He imagines he is bored at a play. He says he was bored again and again in these volumes in the most vehement terms, but he is mistaken. The very vehemence shows that he is mistaken. He is constitutionally incapable of so neutral a mental state as true boredom. And besides the theatre is too serious a matter with him to make that attitude possible. You might as well believe that an earnest priest could be bored while a penitent confessed to a murder. Mr. Shaw either approves of a play, in which case he approves of it with ecstasy, or else he loathes it, in which case he tears it to ribbons. He does the tearing good-naturedly, kindly, but when he has finished nothing is left but rags.

One had only to look at him as he used to enter the theatre in those days to know that this would be so. There was a resolute set about the mouth, a fighting glitter in the eye, which meant business. He had come prepared to bless or to damn. He had not come for half-measures. For the dramatist it was to be death or Westminster Abbey. The death sentence would be most humorously phrased and most genially delivered but the man would hang for all that. Contrast this mental attitude with that of his successor on the *Saturday*. Mr. Max Beerbohm, I am sure, loathes the theatre. It bores him to tears. As I watch him passing to his stall on a first night at one of my own plays, suppressing a gentle yawn and usually some minutes late, my heart goes out to him. Poor fellow, what a weariness it all is to him and how silly it is for these playwrights to drag him away from his after-dinner cigarette to sit in a stuffy uncomfortable theatre and watch these poor "mimes" mouthing! He is gentle with us, "mimes" and authors alike, when he writes about us the following Saturday—when he *does* write—but he never conceals the dreary futility of it all from his point of view. And as I read his article I sigh for the ring of Mr. Shaw's battle-axe!

Perhaps I have caricatured Mr. Max Beerbohm in the above sketch. But a caricature is a form of homage—as Mr. Beerbohm knows.

ST. J. H.

"JAUNT"

THERE is a good deal of difficulty about the word *jaunt*; and I think something more may be said about it than has been said hitherto. I believe it to have arisen from the form *jaunce* (see N.E.D.), considered (wrongly) as being a plural form; i.e., if *jaunce* was supposed to represent *jaunts*, then the singular form *jaunt* might easily have been evolved, and soon established. How common a phenomenon this is in English, has been shown by Dr. Palmer, in his chapter on "Words corrupted through mistakes about number"; see his "Folk-Etymology," pp. 592-607.

It seems clear that *jaunce* was at first a verb, from F. *jancer*, to keep on the move. Hence the sb. *jaunce*, a fatiguing journey, for which the N.E.D. gives the well-known quotation from *Romeo*, ii. 5, 26 (second quarto); where the first folio and the first quarto have *jaunt*. The only other quotation is from the Sussex glossary. It is suggested that *jaunce* is a mere misprint for *jaunt*; as there is no other known example of its use. But I think this is not the case, and that *jaunce* is (as Nares said long since) precisely the same word as Ben Jonson's *geance*, also given in the N.E.D., with the suggestion that it means *chance*. But a careful perusal of the passage in Ben Jonson should (I think) rather lead us to take Nares's view; the sense "fatiguing journey," the sense assigned to *jaunce*, precisely suits *geance* also. The passage occurs in a speech by Hilts in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, Act ii., in which the context requires careful consideration. Squire Tub, addressing Hilts, says:

I pray thee *haste* to Pancridge, etc.
Good Hilts, *make thou some haste*
And meet us by the way.

And Hilts replies:

Vaith, would I had a few more *geances* on't;
As you say the word, *send me to Jericho*.
Outcept a man were a *post-horse*, I have not known
The like on't, etc.

Hilts goes on to complain that, if he could get kind words, it would not *irk* him; but that a man "may break his heart out in these days," and get nothing by it. Tub immediately gives him money for his encouragement.

It is clear that what Hilts wanted was not the *chance* (of what?), but a few more *jaunces* or fatiguing journeys, even if he had to be sent to Jericho or to be made a post-horse of, if only he could be rewarded as he ought to be.

Another reason for considering *jaunce* as a real word is that it results at once from the verb; precisely as the Sussex *jaunce*, a fatiguing journey, corresponds to the Yorkshire *jaunce about*, to knock about, to expose to fatigue; see E.D.D. I suggest that the reason why it is not more common in our dialects is simply because it has been almost ousted (as in our literary speech) by the mistaken form *jaunt*, used in many dialects, from Scotland to the Isle of Wight. That *jaunt* was evolved out of *jaunce* is further suggested by the fact that *jaunt* has changed its sense. In Shakespeare the two words were practically identical; but the usual modern sense is merely an excursion, a pleasure trip; and the verb *to jaunt* means "to trip along jauntily." Obviously it has been affected by association with the adjective *jaunty*, which was, originally, merely the same word as *genteel*, and lost its final *l* just as *jaunts* lost its final *s*.

The O.F. *jancer*, to move about, to fatigue, is surely allied to the E. dial. *jankit*, "fatigued, jaded": see E.D.D. This suggests that the *ce* was due to an older *k*. Cf. further E. dial. *jank*, to trifle; *to jank the labour*, to trifle at work; which is compared with Norw. *janka*, to waver, to totter. We may further note Swed. dial. *jank*, useless trouble (Rietz); which suggests that *jank* and *jaunce* are, ultimately, of Scandinavian origin.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

FICTION

The Wrestlers. By MARION BOWER. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THIS is a very irritating book although the matter might have been made fairly interesting if offered in a more readable form.

She came up to him. His teeth met. She looked in his face,
"I am sorry," she faltered.
"Don't be sorry," he growled out, "I am not."
She walked from him to the window. Left him alone in the middle of the room. A step at a time he came behind her, etc.

This quotation may give the would-be reader some impression of the staccato style which has jarred the nerves of the would-not-be reviewer! We meet in the first chapter horrid people with hardly any manners, we begin by pitying the virtuous "hero" for having to stay in such a house, but afterwards we see that he must have been accustomed to such things, from the readiness with which he accepts the early confidences of his hostess. We were also a little surprised when the husband accuses his wife of reading Ibsen, till we remembered how unnecessary it is for a man of that type to have read the works of an author before using his name as a catchword of reproach. We noticed that he had not yet "found" Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, or surely he would have used him too, for, as Mrs. Attledon sits at her writing table carefully arranging affairs prior to her departure, she assumes a decidedly de l'Isle-Adamesque attitude. It—the attitude—ends at the desk, and *she* does not immediately like the other woman; on the contrary, she plunges into a sea of political—and other—intrigues where a patriotic Polish prince, his attractive cousin, a chancellor, a wily Bavarian baroness, and her wavering son, jostle each other. Mrs. Attledon at first looks on, but we feel that sooner or later she will be drawn into the vortex—and so later she is. She emerges—assisted by the elements—a "heroine." As we began with a quotation so we will end with one:

"Come," he said.
She understood.
"That," she gasped.
"Yes," he answered.
"Already," she faltered, etc.

The reviewer, like the heroine, has both gasped and faltered but has not yet understood—why such a style is used!

The Child of Promise. By NETTA SYRETT. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

IN writing as good as Miss Syrett's—for if not exactly art it is skilful at times in workmanship—faults stand out more clearly than in novels which are merely a mass of obvious mediocrity. It is a pity that this writer cannot deal with life as it is, but resorts instead to avoiding difficulties by trying to force the reader to accept an impossible incident—without which the whole fabric would go to pieces—just because the "story" needs it. This is surely a very inartistic method. It is in life of course that we come across the most amazing situations. In life—and also not infrequently in fiction—we meet with lovers who do not know each other's real names, but it was impossible that "Val," if really in earnest about finding Natasha, would not have been able to do so—even without the assistance of Scotland Yard—within a few days—hours we might almost say: whole colonies cannot get lost so easily! What more he required as a clue we can hardly imagine. That two women of the types of Natasha and Julia should have accepted his absurd explanation of why he deserted the former deepens the atmosphere of untruth which mars this book. That "one false step" really seems more disastrous to life in fiction, than to life in fact; delightful people are often past masters, or mistresses, in false steps. Is it merely that they do not offend our self-esteem by too obviously sieve-like statements, but instead rather subtly give us the credit of possessing some intelligence not to say a little broad-mindedness? As broad-mindedness even might sum up Val's behaviour at this point in a word which would unfit him for remaining, for the rest of the story in the part he was playing, the reader has to be treated as if slightly "wanting" in order to avoid difficulties. The structure of a novel must indeed be flimsy when the pinprick (or rather pen-prick) of common sense causes it to burst. The study of Miss Syrett's study of character is up to a certain point interesting, anyhow in the women's characters; but for the most part the people are treated like the structure—they do what is convenient to the authoress—but they get horribly "out of drawing" in the process, and as in a broken glass we seem to see two or three images of the one person—the person Miss Syrett wishes to draw, the person she actually draws, and the real person. Are we not right in feeling sceptical about a man whose sense of honour was so strong that he married a woman he did not care about because of a few words from a scheming mother, and who could yet leave the girl he was in love with and had seduced, because it was not quite easy to find her address? If he had been intended as a contemptible weakling we should consider he got more than his deserts in so capable a mother-in-law to manage him. Natasha also seems to have got away from the character the writer would reveal to us at such length. One sentence of hers on page 331 shows us that—in spite of slanting green eyes, an affection for her father and relations, and a penchant for decadents—her true self belonged to blackest Balham. The book all through strikes the reader as being "made up." This fault is noticeable in the manner as well as in the matter, only in the former it is less apparent as careful workmanship often hides the lack of penetration, individuality and inspiration. It is this careful, often skilful manipulation (which is largely due to knowing what to avoid) which makes the higher mediocrity seem so much less mediocre than the lower.

The Leaven of the Pharisees. By E. B. BENNETT. (Drane, 6s.)

MISS BENNETT is discreetly silent as to the precise position on the English sea-coast of the fashionable watering-place, which she calls Sandrewe. This is certainly fortunate, otherwise serious consequences might follow the publication of her novel. Whether her description of the clergy and her unrestrained attack on their sincerity has any justification in reality, or whether she has deliberately chosen her characters to suit her

purpose, are questions which it would be scarcely profitable to discuss in any case, and which certainly do not concern us here. Our chief complaint against her is her inconsistency. She has chosen as her heroine a most militant young lady, in whom the leaven of the Pharisees is present quite as much as in the objects of her unsparing condemnation—and in a far more subtly dangerous form. Marie Ismay is quite ready, even eager, to pluck the various motes from the eyes of all her acquaintances, but she is never really conscious of the beam in her own. At the last she certainly admits that she is herself pharisaical, but her admission is not convincing, and rather appears as an unwilling concession on the part of the author, than as a genuine confession. Of the various types of cleric depicted by Miss Bennett we have little to say. They are all familiar figures to the student of novels of this class. The "Leaven of the Pharisees" is certainly an advance on "The Scottish Bluebell," but Miss Bennett must do much better if she wishes really to be welcomed as a writer of fiction.

Madame de Treymes. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.)

MRS. WHARTON writes with wit and with distinction. All her work has quality; it bears the mark of a personality, and accordingly should be read. In "Madame de Treymes" she has found an excellent subject, which contains a fine effect in dramatic contrast. Fanny Frisbee is an American girl who has married a reprobate French marquis, and has been living in consequence for twelve years in Paris. The family into which she has married have the old Catholic traditions, and though she has obtained a separation from her husband, she does not sue for divorce, because she knows that the family will oppose it strongly, and she shrinks from scandal for her own sake and for the sake of her little boy. That is what John Durham discovers to be the position when the story opens. John Durham is a straightforward American gentleman with many of the traditions of George Washington. He has loved her as the American girl Fanny Frisbee, and loves her still as Madame de Malrive. He proposes to her immediately and is accepted on condition that he can obtain for her an undefended divorce. He finds that one of the family, her husband's sister, Madame de Treymes, is kindly disposed to Madame de Malrive. Through her agency he determines to work. He makes her acquaintance and a meeting is arranged in which to discuss the position. At this meeting Madame de Treymes behaves like an aristocratic sphinx. She tells him at once that the family are bitterly opposed to a divorce, and watches the effect of her words. They parley. Suddenly the mask falls from Madame de Treymes's face. She says that the man she loves must go away because of debts which he cannot meet. She will give Durham all the support of her great influence if he, rich American that he is, will write her a cheque. He refuses. Any subterfuge is against his upright nature. He will win his wife by fair means or none. He resigns himself to endurance. Naturally surprise overcomes him when he hears from this lady that Madame de Treymes has used her influence to such good purpose that the divorce will not be defended, and when he next meets Madame de Treymes she tells him that the pleasure of furthering the happiness of a man so noble as he, is its own reward. So the divorce proceeds: it is just on the verge of completion when he meets Madame de Treymes for the third time. She begins by triumphing over him. She has been successful in deceiving him. The family were no longer interested in the woman. They want the child. And the child they will inevitably get at the close of the proceedings. But Madame de Treymes has reckoned without Durham's honesty, even as he has reckoned without her malign dishonesty. He will stop the proceedings immediately. Then she is touched by his bravery, and when she says that this is only a last lie he is touched by her kindness. "You poor good man," she says, and "you poor good woman," he

answers, as he goes to carry out his own unhappiness. Now there is much that is admirable and subtle in the story and in its treatment. The different points of view of two types of character are set forth with great clearness. The story, however, loses its poignancy owing to the fact that these types are not individualised. The contrast between the old civilisation and the new civilisation is excellent, and a good background, from which the characters should stand out clearly. But they do not. We see John Durham and Madame de Treymes; we see an American, and we see a French woman of the old school. And in consequence we find our attention wandering to such impertinent questions as: Are all Americans so strait-laced?—are all French women so malignant and ingenious?—and of course the answer is that they are not; and the story loses the conviction which it would possess if the people were individuals and not emblematic of a nation's decadence or a nation's honesty.

Passing down the Avenues. By L. RUTHERFOORD SKEY. (Griffiths, 6s.)

SUCH words as "they were mere commonplaces but this is a commonplace world," written at the outset of a novel with no apparent irony rouse a dreadful suspicion as to the nature of the novel itself. And that suspicion became a dreary fact, as we passed down the avenues. Nothing in the expression or conception raised it above that dead level. The book has the same effect upon the mind as a yellow fog in November upon the spirits—a suffocating effect.

Sweet Rogues. By OWEN RHOSCOMYL. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THERE is spirit in the writing of this book, as there should be in a story which follows the fortunes of two gay troopers of Prince Rupert. Gallantly the story rollicks on its brave way at one time with Red Ned Pugh, at another with honest Phil, and then shoulder to shoulder they win, as such fellows must surely win, each his fair lady for a bride. Brave, witty, charming, they are in love or war, irresistible. They are buoyant as corks, and bob up head erect from every misadventure. Unfortunately the construction of the book is not on a level with either the line-by-line gusto of the writing or the dashing gentlemen themselves. There is a lack of invention; and two important incidents plop into the stream of the story with a clumsy splash. We are in no way prepared for the sudden prominence, which the frightful scheme of revenge with boiling pitch gives to the character of the dandy cavalier. It has all been smiling and talking and jolly fighting up to that moment, and the shock of grim earnest is unpleasant and unnecessary. The picture of the wretched man screaming from the pain of the scalding pitch is both horrible and unconvincing, and the fact that he boiled the pitch himself to make honest Phil scream is no atonement. The whole episode is as out of place as a fall of snow in an English summer.

A Yankee Napoleon. By JOHN F. MACPHERSON. (Long, 6s.)

IF Mr. Macpherson had only one-tenth of the power of Mr. H. G. Wells for marshalling scientific detail in support of his "prophetic" inventions, "A Yankee Napoleon" would be a wonderful book. But unfortunately while his imagination is boundless, his narrative owing to an absolute lack of any "corroborative detail," remains "bald and unconvincing." At no point in the story do either his characters or their actions approach the plane of reality. This is a pity, for the central idea is promising and though not entirely original, is certainly not hackneyed. The Napoleon is a second Dr. Moreau, with this added horror, that while Mr. Wells's vivisectionist worked simply in the cause of Science, Julius P. Almgut is inspired by a far baser motive—personal power. He vivisects human beings and discovers a brain serum by which normal brains are improved beyond recognition, and gain wonderful magnetic power over their fellows. He

also, as the title shows, becomes Emperor Dictator of the United States, and he finally meets his Wellington in the person of a rival scientist whose inventions are as powerful as his own. That there is great scope here for a thrilling romance is evident, but it is no good for an author simply to postulate for his chief characters inventions, beyond the range of present probabilities, without some slight support for his claims in the way of *vraisemblable* explanations. As at present written the book is very reminiscent, in its naive demands on our credulity, of "The Swiss Family Robinson."

The Wisdom of the Serpent. By CONSTANTINE RALLI. (Griffiths, 6s.)

IT is only a sense of fair play to Mr. Ralli that prevents us from revealing the secret of his book. So rarely does an author light upon a really original idea in fiction, that when he does so, the reviewer feels driven in his turn to publish it, through gratitude. But such gratitude is misdirected, and as Mr. Ralli has in the present case succeeded in keeping his secret until the very end, it would be—to say the least of it—unkind to give it away in a review. Let the curious discover it for themselves; they should not be disappointed. In his preface Mr. Ralli says, "There is no strength in pleasant things." If this is true, or rather if the implied corollary may be accepted, "The Wisdom of the Serpent" should be one of the "strongest" novels ever written; it is certainly one of the most unpleasant. At the same time it leaves no bad taste in the mouth, and in tone, at any rate, if not in incident, it is supremely moral. But Mr. Ralli's preference for the unpleasant leads him to pile Pelion upon Ossa in the way of horrors, until his Olympus is reached—his explanation of it all, beyond which even his imagination cannot soar. Mr. Ralli's preference for the unpleasant shows itself in his characters as well as in his incidents. His men, and especially his women, are far more naturally drawn, and certainly far more interesting when they are bad, than when, like Julia Mowbray, they are good. It is, perhaps, not her fault so much as her creator's that she irritates us, but we must confess frankly that we grow very tired of her resemblance to Pallas Athene. Doubtless only a goddess could save John Faversham, but Mr. Ralli is so insistent on her divine attributes, that they become wearisome, and we turn with no little relief to Pauline, who with all her faults is quite fascinating. Of the men Sproule is admittedly the central character, in interest as in vice. But though he is perhaps the most villainous villain ever imagined, he succeeds in attracting not a little sympathy, for he has an unpardonable wrong to avenge. His great mistake is that, like Monte Cristo, he arrogates to himself the functions of Providence, and visits the sins of the father upon the children. There is just one point as regards Mr. Ralli's method that we should like to notice. He has arranged his book in a prologue and two epochs. Now the prologue is dated 1870, while the epochs begin in 1844, and end where the prologue begins. This, in our opinion, is irritating, and serves no useful purpose. Had the prologue been transferred to the end of the book, the true sequence of events would have been preserved, and the reader's interest would not have been dulled by the knowledge of the ultimate fate of the chief actors.

Malcolm Canmore's Pearl. By AGNES GRANT HAY. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THIS is a tale for simple-minded mothers to read to their offspring on Sunday afternoons—if their children can be made to listen; but we fear it smacks too much of the "Fairchild Family" and other Sunday books of that ilk for the taste of the modern child. We are given a discreet picture of the family life of King Malcolm of Scotland, son of Macbeth's ill-fated victim, and his wife Margaret, daughter of Edward the Confessor. They seem to have been an eminently worthy couple, and we have a

shrewd suspicion that their compatriot, Robert Burns, would have classed them among the "Unco' Guid." The most human figure in the book is that of Editha of Normandy, an unfortunate lady, who is never mentioned without the addition of "Sharp-tongue" in brackets after her name, but who rouses the momentary admiration of even the good Malcolm, for he remarks on meeting her: "What a remarkably showy, handsome person this Normandy woman is," but reflects that "he would pity the man who married her," thus showing both discernment and caution. It is a most harmless book.

The Great Cranbore' Conspiracy. By JOHN OAKLEY. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE modern highwayman has quite usurped the place of his eighteenth-century prototype as a popular favourite. A very few years ago we were required to sympathise with the dare-devil escapades and hair-breadth escapes of masked desperadoes, scouring the country on fleet grey mares variously entitled Bess or Nell, holding up respectable old gentlemen at the point of the sword. The modern gentleman of the road is a no less romantic character, though clad in twenty-two and sixpenny tweeds and armed with a chloroform bottle and a revolver. The greater number of murders and robberies that can be put down to his name the greater his glory. Mr. Oakley has given us a fair specimen of this twentieth-century Dick Turpin, and the part he plays in "The Great Cranbore' Conspiracy" is clever and ingenious. The plot centres on the mysterious disappearance of a country shopman who is really a well-known usurer, and is further complicated by his extraordinary likeness to some twin brothers, who are thus enabled not only to take his place, but to masquerade as each other when the occasion arises. Providence, as usual, comes to the rescue in the end, and both the money-lender and his enemy are killed by the opportune collapse of a balcony.

FINE ART

BURLINGTON HOUSE

THERE are several ways of *not* admiring the summer exhibitions at Burlington House. You can say that the pictures are worse than in any previous year; you can attack the Chantrey Trustees; and you can praise the works of Mr. John Sargent. But these devices are rather stale. Though what you say may be true and unkind it does not change the policy of the Academy. A Parliamentary Commission did not succeed in making the Chantrey Trustees amend their ways. The appointment of Mr. McColl to the Tate Gallery was, of course, a snub from the Government, and the Royal Forty have recently received another snub from an even higher quarter. Still, there is the Academy in all its ancient splendour, unravaged by the fierce intellectual purpose of the strenuous outsiders, the best of whom do *not* beat against the doors for admittance; they leave that to the critics. The private view is always a great social function; it starts the season; a week hence the pavement of the principal London thoroughfares will be up; these are the two swallows which really constitute our summer. Then, whatever critics may say and whatever Christie's hammer may do, the immortals always have this crushing retort: "After all, you must come here to see Lady Sassoon, or whatever the Sargent of the year happens to be." Again, though this perhaps is irrelevant, Academicians are such charming people; collectively we may dislike them and reprobate their ideals, but individually they are cultivated and irresistible. Even the artists among them are charming, and artists are not always charming people. I believe the Academicians paint their very best. I vow that I give no credit to the grim stories of favouritism and the careless methods of selection on the part of the hanging

committee. Conscientious as Billington they hang whatever comes their way. I do not believe the Chantrey Trustees deliberately choose mediocre pictures. An honourable and *blind* justice dictates their choice. I have been told that they weigh the frames in order to compute the amount of gold, thereby ensuring the country getting something for the money bequeathed by the foolish Sir Francis. An old Academician once told a friend of mine to be very careful about the gold on his frame. With great delicacy he added, "you cannot think how important it is." The picture is now, metaphorically, in the bosom of Mr. MacColl. Oh! for the pen of that silenced critic, or of the latter-day Longinus, Mr. Roger Fry, another Ganymede, half-buried in the Eagle's down, snatched away to preserve the sublime and the beautiful at Central Park, New York. The chilies of criticism are pickled in museums and Mr. Claude Phillips is the only oracle that is not dumb. I do not forget Mr. Clutton Brock, his fireworks, nor Mr. Nichols, Mr. Rutter and Mr. Rinder, their admirable criticisms. And I can imagine the anxiety of the Chantrey Trustees before Mr. Konody has spoken.

Yet if the Academy must be reformed, criticism should be reformed as well. I would chide the Academicians more for what they accept than for what they neglect. Their flirtation with that Dowager Miss Preraphaelite seems to me a sorry spectacle; and now that impressionism has lost its front teeth and its false front hair we can guess what the next *liaison* will be. Oh reader, prostrated by the smell of new paint and enervated by the new criticism, hide with me in an old wardrobe; let us masquerade in clothes far too big for us—at least too big for me—perhaps we shall earn for our reticence the gratitude of painters, and that of the visitors to Burlington House. Let us pretend to be Mr. Thackeray. . . .

The rough Channel crossing experienced by His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. on Saturday last recalled to the royal memory several pictures by Mr. Napier Hemy, as did the landing-stage at Dover a canvas by that old favourite, Mr. Frith. It followed as a matter of course that when seated comfortably in a saloon carriage, he determined on arriving in London to drive straight to Burlington House, leaving the luggage to be sent on to Buckingham Palace. The Saturday following the private view is always a *dies non* at the Academy, but owing to an odd coincidence, or to Marconography, Sir Edward Poynter and his henchmen were standing at the entrance to receive their Sovereign and his suite, which consisted of my Lord Althorp, the Hon. John Ward, Major F. E. G. Ponsonby and other members of the court *entourage*. After suitable greeting on the part of the President, His Majesty shook hands with each Academician and Associate, and exchanged several words with Mr. Arthur Cope. "Let us now follow our leader," he observed glancing significantly at the great landscape painter and then at Sir Edward, both of whom did justice to the august pleasantries, as walking backward, they led the way up the staircase.

"Here it may please your Majesty," said Sir Edward in the first room, "to observe a portrait of Lady Eden by Mr. Sargent. Lady Eden is famous not only for her beauty but for her husband. With a symbolism rare on the part of this artist he has represented her playing patience, a game of cards, not the opera. Mr. Sargent does not quite come up to our Academic standard. His pictures lack a certain amount of finish."

"I thought he was an American, not a Finn," says one of the party, "but Americans always lack finish." "At the same time I am bound to tell your Majesty," continues the President, "that he is considered by outsiders the greatest painter in the world and that his admirers regret you have never sat to him." "*N'importe* he shall kneel to me instead," was the gracious reply. "Where is Mr. John Sargent?" There is a hurried search for the famous artist who with characteristic modesty has been hiding in the image department. He is dragged

into the Presence. "Kneel, kneel," cried several Academicians, "What is your name?" "John Singer Sargent." "John there has been some talk of reforming the House of Lords. I am going to do so without the advice of my Government. It is really impossible to add to your honours because your pictures are patents of title for ever. Nevertheless it is our royal pleasure, as it is your duty, to be decorative. Rise John Singer Sargent, Duke of Columbia." With his well-known fluency, his Grace of Columbia returns thanks and regains his feet. The King was observed to stoop and pick up a paint-brush from the floor. "I think this must be yours," he says smiling. And Mr. Seymour Lucas was observed to make a note of the scene for his next year's picture to be entitled *History Repeats Itself*.

"Here," continues Sir Edward Poynter, "is a small thing of my own, a motive borrowed from Catullus." "I think I can give the quotation," says His Majesty, who has not forgotten his Oxbridge erudition, "*Oh rem ridiculam cato et jocosam*." "Not exactly that," exclaimed the president, "but please observe the *finish*." A whispered consultation with my Lord Althorp, and the King tapped Sir Edward gently with a sword; "Rise, or stand, Marquis of Finish."

On reaching Gallery III. His Majesty started and said, "Surely that is Lady Sassoon, I must go and speak to her." It is then explained that this is merely a counterfeit representation of that lady by the Duke of Columbia. After much hearty laughter the inspection proceeded. The august visitor's attention was then arrested by a picture of Sir William Richmond, entitled, *Demeter at Eleusis*, which recalled in a delightful way a picture by Calvert which he had seen at the Luxembourg on his recent visit to Paris. This and a beautiful work called *Old Durham*, by Mr. Alfred East, resulted in further additions to the Upper House. Noticing that Mr. George Lambert's Portrait Group, No. 171, was skied, His Majesty conferred a knighthood on the young artist, while baronetcies were conferred on Mr. W. G. Von Glehn for his *Avenue*, No. 342, and on Mr. Sholto Johnstone Douglas for his picture, *Marie*, No. 892. Universal surprise (shared by the Academicians) was expressed at the places in which these works were hung and that there was no other work by that brilliant young painter, now Sir Sholto Johnstone Douglas.

His Gracious Majesty after inspecting Mr. Conrad Dressler's bust of the "Queen of Spain," evinced some sign of fatigue. As representative of all that is best in the nation, he assured Sir Edward Poynter that he would take for granted the "values" and "tones" and "brush work" of the pictures if he did not find time to read the art criticisms. He was rapidly passing through Gallery No. XI. (having firmly refused to visit the water colours) when he suddenly halted before the most fascinating and remarkable subject-picture in the whole exhibition, No. 836, entitled, *The Music of the Woods*. On inquiring for Mr. E. A. Hornel, His Majesty was informed that the painter of this exquisite work by some extraordinary accident was not even an Associate. Showing some displeasure he immediately ordered the Chantry Trustees to acquire the work for the nation, and bade My Lord Chamberlain to forward by the next post a patent of nobility, by which the distinguished Scotchman might be known in future by the style and title of Viscount Glasgow.

CHRISTIAN FREEBORN.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Galton's "distingos"—when a vicarage is not a vicarage, and the rest of them—require a Jesuitical training to fully appreciate, and also more time than is at my dis-

posal. "I have read nothing," he says in conclusion, "more touching than the 'Supplique d'un Groupe de Catholiques Français Au Pape Pie X'," . . . which was one of the most impudent newspaper "fakes" of recent times! And this gives the exact measure of the value of his work as criticism, or history.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

A NEW READING OF KNOX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In John Knox's "History of the Reformation" (Bannatyne Club edition, vol. i. pp. 392-3) it is stated that the "Lord Seytoun, without any occasion offerit unto him brak a chaise upon Alexander Quhitelaw, as he came from Prestoun, accompanied with William Knox, towartis Edinburgh, and ceassit not to persew him till he came to the town of Ormestoun."

According to Jamieson's "Scottish Dictionary," under "Chase," the words "brak a chase" mean "began a pursuit;" and under "Chase"—with the definition "the action of chasing or pursuing with intent to catch"—Knox's "brak a chaise" is given in the "New English Dictionary" as an example of the use of the word "chase."

In Mr. Andrew Lang's "John Knox and the Reformation," page 151, the incident related above is referred to, the page bearing the heading "The Broken Chair." This is how Mr. Lang describes it: "Lord Seton, of the Catholic party, 'broke a chair on Alexander Whitelaw as he came from Preston (pans), accompanied by William Knox.'" Mr. Lang afterwards alludes to "the matter of the broken chair," and states that "Lord Seton pursued and broke a chair on the harmless Brother Whitelaw."

On the same page from which the last quotation is taken, Mr. Lang in a footnote refers to Knox's story to Croft as given in Bain's "Calendar of Scottish Papers, Elizabeth," i. 236-7. If he had continued his study of the same volume he would have found on page 239, the following passage in a letter from Knox to Croft: "We arrived safely, not without danger, for our brother Alexr. Whytlaw was chased 3 miles."

There is surely a difference between "brak a chaise" and "brak a chair," Mr. Lang's ingenious transformation of the passage.

It would be interesting to learn from Mr. Lang—(1) How a rider on horseback pursuing another rider similarly situated could manage to "break a chair" on his "harmless Brother"; (2) Where the chair was obtained, and the price thereof; and (3) Who put the fragments of the chair together for subsequent exhibition? Swords, not chairs, I believe, were the usual weapons of military assault in the days of Bothwell and Queen Mary. Perhaps Mr. Lang may correct me on this point if he believes I am wrong in my surmise.

It appears to me—and more than me—that this latest "curiosity of literature" is a characteristic specimen of Mr. Lang's notable cleverness in the compilation of Scottish history. He is so keen to make points and to render his narrative "lively" that he drops occasionally with readiness—even eagerness—into very absurd blunders. In this case he has probably been misled by the French word *chaise*. Is this an excuse for so comical an error in one who poses as an accurate writer of history?

GEORGE STRONACH.

A LITERARY PARALLEL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I noticed the other day a literary parallel which may interest your readers.

Wordsworth in "The Tables Turned," says

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Huysmans in "En Route," page 193, says

"Les forêts vous instruiront mieux sur votre âme que les livres—aliquid amplius invenies in sylvis quam in libris—a écrit Saint Bernard."

Had Wordsworth read St. Bernard?

[PERCY L. BABINGTON.

DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Paradiso xxvii. 136-138:

Così sa fa la pella bianca, nera,
 Nel primo, aspetto, della bella figlia
 Di queich' apporta mane e lascia, sera.

The usual interpretation as given in the notes of the Temple edition is that "bella figlia . . . sera" means humanity, the daughter of the sun. May not the passage be an allusion to the "Song of Solomon," i. 6, "look not upon me because I am swarthy, because the sun has scorched me" (decoloravit, Vulg.)? If so, "figlia" would be the Church, according to the universal mediæval tradition, and "di quei" would go with "si fa nera" and mean blackened by the sun?

C. GORDON WRIGHT.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—An English Garner, by Edward Arber, contains some "Sonnets to Fidessa," by B. Griffin. Sonnet iii. beginning:

"Venus and young Adonis sitting by her,"

is identical with Shakespeare's Sonnet iv. under the heading of "The Passionate Pilgrim," with the exception that lines from 8-12 inclusive are entirely different, and there are one or two minor differences in the other lines, as "clipp'd" for "clasped," and "so she fell," for "so fell she." Dyce, in his memoir of Shakespeare, tells us that "The Passionate Pilgrim" was given to the Press without Shakespeare's consent and knowledge, and how much of it is his cannot be ascertained. Griffin's sonnets were published 1596, Shakespeare's 1609. Besides a dedication to William Essex Esq. of Lambourne, Berkshire, Griffin prefaces his book with an address: To the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court. So he was probably a barrister or engaged in the law in some capacity, and Sonnets v. vi. and vii. contain various law terms. This is even more noticeable in the Sonnets of B. Barnes 1593, in the same volume. Nos. vi. vii. and viii. are full of law terms and the latter Sonnet is almost composed of them. It contains pawn, forepledged, bail, mortgage, and deed of gift. Owing to his frequent use of legal terms, it has been surmised that Shakespeare was at one time in a lawyer's office.

It is remarkable that these three poets should use law terms in poetical compositions.

H. D. BARCLAY.

May 5.

THE LATE REV. WENTWORTH WEBSTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am interested in noting in the public press that it is suggested a memorial should be arranged to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. Wentworth Webster.

It was in your columns in the early days of the ACADEMY, under the direction of its first Editor, that I first became acquainted with the work of Mr. Webster. At long intervals I had some correspondence with him, but it was not until January of this year that I had the pleasure of meeting him.

I was staying at St. Jean de Luz, and remembering that he must be living somewhere in the neighbourhood, I made my first visit to Sare. I spent a delightful half-day with him talking about books and Spanish literature and looking over his books and literary curiosities. I found him mentally bright and as interesting as ever, but in going away I could not but feel that it was both the first and last time we should meet. He wrote to me in February, confessing that he was not well and could not write more.

As I returned from Sare one thing came to my mind and has recurred again and again since—the pathetic and almost dramatic question, what would become of all the papers and all the literary material collected in that out-of-the-way village? That all the material in that brain has practically been lost for ever comes back to one very forcibly when one remembers how very few living men there are to carry on his work, and now he has gone may I suggest perhaps the best memorial would be the placing of his books and papers in the library of one of the universities, and the editing of the literary papers he may have left.

I cannot claim to have any special knowledge on the subject, but there are some Spanish scholars in England whom I think would be proud to be identified with the work.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE"

II. i. 39. "Some run from brakes of Ice" (folio).

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The desperate efforts of the commentators from Rowe (1709) to Hart (1905) to extract an attenuated glimmer of sense out of this grossly misprinted passage have only "established" the sheer hopelessness of the Folio text. But these efforts are surpassed by the frantic efforts of Mr. Payne, as a "lover of literature," to maintain what he is pleased to call the "established reading." A glance at the textual notes of the Cambridge Shakespeare, or at the significant obelus (†) of the Globe edition, shows any unbiassed reader how it is "established." It was "established" in the printing room in Fleet Street in 1623.

Rowe, Theobald, Malone and the others retain "brakes," says Mr. Payne. Of course they do. They had no alternative. They were baffled by the corruption and had nothing better to propose. Their attempted explanations are, as Hart pithily remarks, so much waste of ink. An excellent example, which may stand for all, of this "waste of ink" is found in Staunton's note (I quote from vol. iii. page 198 of his edition of 1864): "The old text has 'brakes of Ice.' Vice is an emendation of Rowe. If this be the true word the allusion may be either to the instrument of torture termed a 'brake,' or by 'brakes of ice' may be meant, as Steevens conjectured, a number or thicket of vices. It is by no means certain, however, that we have got either the poet's expression or meaning in this difficult passage." Nothing can better illustrate the failure of two centuries of commentators. And with all the damning evidence of this failure staring him in the face, Mr. Payne has the assurance to say that the reading of the Folio is "established"! Well, *trahit sua quemque voluptas*.

By the way, it is disingenuous of Mr. Payne to drag in Dr. Johnson's "great acumen." Mr. Payne knows as well as I do that on a point of technical criticism Dr. Johnson's opinion is not worth a—recording. It is very much more to the point that the corruption quite baffled Theobald, "the Porson of Shakespearean criticism," just as it has baffled every critic and commentator since—always excepting Mr. Payne.

Mr. Payne is certainly gravelled for lack of matter when he cavils at the imaginary discrepancy between my remark, in the issue of April 6, on "the inability of critics to see what was staring them in the face" having "lasted for two centuries," and that in my first article, in the issue of February 16, as to the crux having "resisted adequate solution for close on three hundred years." This is sheer trifling. Where on earth is the difference? In the first case I, of course, reckoned roughly from 1709, the date of Rowe's first edition, till the present time, in the latter case from the publication of the Folio in 1623. From any point of view this alarming discrepancy is wholly immaterial, there being, so far as I am aware, no criticism of or comment on Shakespeare's text in the interval between 1623 and 1709.

I never put forward any "plea," as Mr. Payne alleges, "that the passage was corrupt because 'brake,' meaning a 'bit' or 'curb,' appears nowhere else in Shakespeare." I simply said, and I repeat it, that "the chances are therefore dead against the meaning in this passage," the clear inference being that the probability of Shakespeare having employed it here in that sense was very remote. Mr. Thielson's quotation, which I know very well, would be "fine" if it were only applicable, and besides, if for no other reason, it is damned for the cacophony introduced by the dissyllable "Iron" preceding "and." This, however, may be a matter of the length of the critical ear. But poor Shakespeare, at any rate, must be allowed to have had a reasonable good ear in the music of a blank verse. "Runs not this speech like iron through your blood," says Don Pedro in *Much Ado*, V. i. 52. In no verse-passage in Shakespeare is the word "iron" anything but a pure dissyllable.

Mr. Payne, quite gratuitously, remarks that he prefers the latter emendation to mine; and again I can only say, *trahit sua quemque voluptas*.

The word "answer," with all respect to Mr. Payne's parade of inapplicable quotations, has nothing to do in line 39 with "brakes," or "bits," or the "governance of horses," for the simple reason that the word "condemned" in line 40 clearly shows that the "answer" is to the demands of justice, as in II. iv. 60 of this play, where Angelo says:

"Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;"

or, as in the *Comedy of Errors*, IV. iii. 31, where Dromio S. says of the Sergeant of the Counter, "He that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band"; or, as in *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 299, where Portia says:

"And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we shall answer all things faithfully;"

or, as in *Sonnet 126*:

"Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be;"

or, as in numerous other passages, particularly in those where Shakespeare effectively displays his early legal training.

I am glad that Mr. Payne has now cleared up the ambiguity, which existed entirely in his own mind, as to the pronunciation of the vowel "a" in "brake." There was no ambiguity in either of my communications, and they stand in this respect exactly as they did.

In the matter of my reference to the Germans, Mr. Payne is again a trifle disingenuous. I said I did not recognise the authority of any foreigner on a point of this kind, i.e., on a question of Elizabethan pronunciation. Mr. Hart's reference to Schmidt has nothing to do with this, but merely with Schmidt's opinion (for what that is worth, and it is worth very little) of the hopeless corruption of the passage.

I emphatically did not invite Mr. Payne to any discussion whatever of the passages I. iii. 40-42, and III. ii. 275-296, nor do I seek to "emend" them. I simply referred them to his consideration as examples of Shakespearean syntax—as examples of very much more difficult constructions than that of my emendation. Mr. Payne is "still in ignorance of the substantive verb that has been omitted" in line 39. Perhaps he will look at line 40, where the substantive verb is also omitted, *I think* by Shakespeare himself. I observe, also, that Mr. Payne is still particularly careful not to say how he obtains the force of "throw aside" out of "run from." He cannot. "Running it thus cracks the wind of the poor phrase" with a vengeance!

Lastly, Mr. Payne has the assurance to say that I have "not yet explained or paraphrased my explanation." This is too bad of Mr. Payne. If he will take the trouble to refer to my first article in the issue of February 16, page 162, second column, lines 43-46, he will see my paraphrase. This only confirms me in my strong suspicion that he has not even troubled to read the article he attacks, much less to understand it.

In conclusion, I would once more call attention to the striking phraseology of the passage III. ii. 22, "or clothe a back From such a filthy vice," which I have already quoted. "It is not uncommon for Shakespeare," says Canon Beeching, "to use a word or a phrase twice in a single play and never afterwards." This, I strongly believe, he has done here, and I think the collocation of the two passages, read in the light of the whole atmosphere of the play, is enough to "establish" my proposed reading.

So far as I am concerned this discussion will now close. Mr. Payne, in the textual criticism of Shakespeare, is "yet but young in deed." A little more experience will perhaps enable him to appreciate more clearly than he seems at present able to do, the wide difference between legitimate emendation and extravagant alteration, and to judge more sympathetically of any earnest effort, however poor in his opinion it may be, to penetrate into the sanctuary of Shakespeare's genius.

HENRY CUNINGHAM.

April 21.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

Wait, W. H. *German Science Reader*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 321. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.

FICTION

Fletcher, J. S. *The Queen of a Day*. 7 x 5. Pp. 305. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

Barr, James. *The Witchery of the Serpent*. 8 x 5. Pp. 315. Gay & Bird, 6s.

Bradley, J. F. *Ovargue. The Passing of Night*. 8 x 5. Pp. 446. Long, 6s.

Harrison, Eric. *And the Moor gave up its dead*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 311. Greening, 6s.

Gwynne, Paul. *Doctor Pons*. 8 x 5. Pp. 359. Constable, 6s.

Wakley, Aline. *A Son of Helvetia*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 344. Greening, 6s.

Gillman, Gurner. *The Loafer*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 319. Greening, 6s.

Oxenham, John. *Rising Fortunes*. 8 x 5. Pp. 328. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Innes, Norman. *Parson Croft*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 349. Nash, 6s.

Hill, William K. *Under Three Kings*. 8 x 5. Pp. 373. Routledge, 6s.

Begbie, Harold. *The Vigil*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 406. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Silberrad, Una L. *The Good Comrade*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 367. Constable, 6s.

Carling, George. *Richard Elliott, Financier*. 8 x 5. Pp. 348. Sisley, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Grey, Sir Edward. *Fly-Fishing*. 8 x 5. Pp. 276. Dent, 3s. 6d.

Tod, W. M. *Farming*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 268. Dent, 3s. 6d.

Trask, Katrina. *In my Lady's Garden*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 60. Lane, 3s. 6d.

Sims, Geo. R. *The Watches of the Night*. 7 x 5. Pp. 80. Greening, 6d.

Crosland, T. W. H. *The Beautiful Teetotaler*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 156. Century Press, 5s.

Lindsay, A. D. *The Republic of Plato*. 8 x 5. Pp. 370. Dent, 7s. 6d.

Briscoe, J. Potter. *Gems from Boswell*. 5 x 3. Pp. 131. Gay & Bird, n.p.

Davis, F. Hadland. *The Persian Mystics*. 7 x 5. Pp. 105. Murray, 2s.

Mott, F. T. *Broken Spells*. 5 x 3½. Pp. 90. Gay & Bird, 1s.

Horton, Hester. *Dream Visions*. 6 x 4. Pp. 73. 1s.

Campbell, Wilfred. *Canada*. 9 x 6½. Pp. 269. Black, 20s.

F. G. F. T. *The Steep Ascent*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 262. Bemrose, 5s.

Tynan, Katherine. *The Story of Our Lord for Children*. 6 x 4. Pp. 176. Sealey, n.p.

Kitson, C. H. *The Art of Counterpoint*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 350. Oxford, 7s. 6d.

Crosland, T. W. H. *The Country Life*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 149. Greening, 6d.

POETRY

Eden, Guy. *Bush Ballads*. 8 x 5. Pp. 152. Sisleys, n.p.

Lings, Hettie. *Heart's Sunshine*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 55. Gay & Bird, 1s.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Hope, Antony. *The Intrusions of Peggy*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 378. Nelson, 7d.

Smith, Sir W. *Smaller History of Greece*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 316. Routledge, 1s.

Homer's Iliad. Rendered into English blank verse. Routledge, 1s.

Ange Pitou. 2 vols. Each 7½ x 5. Pp. 439, 385. Dent, n.p.

The Two Dianas. 2 vols. Each 7½ x 5. Pp. 535, 564. Dent, n.p.

THEOLOGY

Masterman, C. F. G. *Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900; F. D. Maurice*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 240. Mowbray, n.p.

Rosegger, Peter. *My Kingdom of Heaven*. 8 x 5. Pp. 330. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

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